



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES



3 3433 06924736 3



INTRODUCTION
TO THE
ENGLISH READER;

OR,
A SELECTION OF PIECES
IN PROSE AND POETRY;
CALCULATED TO IMPROVE THE YOUNGER
CLASSES OF LEARNERS, IN READING;
AND TO IMBUE THEIR MINDS
WITH THE LOVE OF
VIRTUE.

WITH
RULES AND OBSERVATIONS
FOR
ASSISTING CHILDREN
TO
READ WITH PROPRIETY.

FROM THE SEVENTH ENGLISH EDITION, IMPROVED.

BY LINDLEY MURRAY,
Author of "*English Grammar, adapted to the different
Classes of Learners,*" &c.

PUBLISHED
BY BENJAMIN F. LEWIS, NEWBURGH; AND
LUTHER PRATT, MONTGOMERY.

LUTHER PRATT, PRINTER.
1813.

500937A



PREFACE.

“THE English Reader,” and “The Sequel” to that performance, having met with a favourable reception from the public, the compiler has been induced to prepare a small volume, on a similar plan, for the use of children who have made but little progress in reading. It has been his aim to form a compilation, which would properly conduct the young learner from the Spelling-book to the “English Reader:” and in prosecuting this design, he has been particularly careful to select such pieces as are adapted to the understanding, and pleasing to the taste, of children.

A work calculated for different classes of young readers, should contain pieces suited, in point of language and matter, to their various ages and capacities. The compiler, in conformity with this idea, has endeavoured to arrange the materials of each chapter, so as to form an easy gradation, which may be adapted to the different progress of the learners. Judicious teachers will know how to apply this arrangement to the years and abilities of their pupils.

Care has been taken to render the language of all the pieces correct and perspicuous; that the young learner may improve in style as well as in reading, and insensibly acquire a taste for accurate composition.—To imbue the tender mind with the love of virtue and goodness, is an especial object of the present work: and, with this

view, the pieces have been scrupulously selected, and, where necessary, purified from every word and sentiment that could offend the most delicate mind.

As a work tending to season the minds of children with piety and virtue, and to improve them in reading, language, and sentiment, the compiler hopes it will prove a suitable Introduction to the "English reader," and other publications of the same nature; and also a proper book for those schools in which, from their circumscribed plan of education, larger works of the kind cannot be admitted.



CONTENTS.

	Page
is and observations, for assisting children to read with propriety, - - -	13

PART I.

PIECES IN PROSE.

CHAPTER I.

ECT SENTENCES AND PARAGRAPHS, -	21
---------------------------------	----

CHAPTER II.

NARRATIVE PIECES.

1. The pious sons, - - -	30
2. Filial sensibility, - - -	31
3. Cruelty to insects condemned, -	32
4. Selfish sorrow reprov'd, ..	33
5. We are often deceived by appear- ances, - - -	34
6. The two bees, - - -	35
7. Ingenuity and Industry rewarded, -	36
8. The secret of being always satisfied, -	39
9. <i>Beneficence</i> is its own reward, -	40

- SECT. 10. The compassionate Judge, -
 11. The generous negro, -
 12. The Indian Chief, -
 13. Noble behaviour of Scipio, -
 14. Virtue in humble life, -
 15. The female choice, -
 16. The noble basket-maker, -

CHAPTER III.

DIDACTIC PIECES.

- SECT. 1. Tenderness to mothers, -
 2. Respect and affection due from
 pupils to their tutors, -
 3. On filial piety, -
 4. Love between brothers and sisters,
 5. Benevolence, -
 6. Ingratitude to our Supreme Ben-
 efactor, is highly culpable, -
 7. Speculation and practice, -

CHAPTER IV.

DESCRIPTIVE PIECES.

- SECT. 1. The Eagle, - - -
 2. The humming-bird, - - -
 3. The horse, - - -
 4. The Ouran-Outang, - - -
 5. The four seasons, - - -
 6. Divine Providence, - - -
 7. Health, - - -
 8. Charity, - - -
 9. Gratitude, - - -
 10. Mortality, - - -



7

	Page
SECT. 11. Immortality, - - -	82
12. Heaven, - - -	83

CHAPTER V.

DIALOGUES.

SECT. 1. Canute and his courtiers—Flattery reproved, - - -	85
2. The two robbers.—We often condemn in others what we practise ourselves, - - -	87
3. A family conversation—On the slavery of the negroes, -	89
4. The father redeemed from slavery by his son, - - -	94
5. The tutor and his pupils.—Eyes and no eyes; or, the art of seeing, - - -	97

CHAPTER VI.

PROMISCUOUS PIECES.

SECT. 1. We destroy pleasure by pursuing it too eagerly, - - -	106
2. On sisterly unity and love, -	107
3. The Supreme Ruler of the world,	108
4. Abraham and Lot; a fine example of wisdom and condescension,	109
5. A persecuting spirit reproved,	110
6. The folly of pride, - - -	112
7. The whistle, - - -	114
8. A generous mind does not repine at the advantages others enjoy,	116
9. Insolent deportment towards inferi- ors reproved, - - -	117

	Page.
SECT. 10. Arachne and Melissa, -	119
11. Socrates and Leander.—Disrespect to parents, is in no case allowable, - - -	121
12. Socrates and Demetrius.—Brethren should dwell together in harmony, - - -	123
13. On good breeding, - - -	125
14. The ungrateful guest, -	128
15. The hospitable negro woman,	130
16. Catharina, empress of Russia,	133
17. The same subject continued,	135
18. Virtue and happiness equally attainable by the rich and the poor, - - -	137
19. The character of Christ, -	138

PART II.

PIECES IN POETRY.

CHAPTER I.

SELECT SENTENCES AND PARAGRAPHS,	141
----------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER II.

NARRATIVE PIECES.

SECT. 1. The looking-glass; or, ill humour corrected, - - -	146
---	-----

	Page
ECT. 2. The Butterfly and the Snail; or, elevation renders little minds proud and insolent, -	147
3. The Brother and Sister; or, men- tal excellence superior to per- sonal beauty, - - -	148
4. The Lamb and the Pig; or, na- ture and education, -	149
5. The Bee and the Ant; or, the advantages of application and diligence in early years, -	150
6. The Doves, - - -	152
7. The Goldfinches, - - -	153
8. The pet Lamb, - - -	155
9. The Farmer, the Spaniel, and the Cat, - - -	158
10. The Wheat and the Weeds, -	159
11. Economy the source of charity, -	161

CHAPTER III.

DIDACTIC PIECES.

ECT. 1. To some children listening to a lark, - - -	163
2. The advantages of early religion, <i>ibid.</i>	
3. Peace and love recommended, -	164
4. To a young woman, with a watch, -	165
5. Verses accompanying a nosegay, -	166
6. Duties of the morning, -	167
7. The mind to be cultivated, -	168
8. Dependence on Providence, -	169

CHAPTER IV.

DESCRIPTIVE PIECES.

- | | | | |
|-------|----|------------------------------|-------|
| SECT. | 1. | The pleasures of retirement, | - |
| | 2. | The Sluggard, | - - - |
| | 3. | Creation and Providence, | - |
| | 4. | A morning in Spring, | - |
| | 5. | Heavenly wisdom, | - - - |
| | 6. | The man of Ross, | - - |
| | 7. | Resignation, | - - - |
| | 8. | Character of Christ, | - - |

CHAPTER V.

PROMISCUOUS PIECES.

- | | | | |
|-------|-----|--|---------|
| SECT. | 1. | Gratitude to the Supreme Being, | |
| | 2. | Acknowledgment of Divine fa-
vours, | - - - - |
| | 3. | The excellence of the Bible, | |
| | 4. | On Industry, | - - - |
| | 5. | On early rising, | - - - |
| | 6. | The drowning fly, | - - - |
| | 7. | To a Redbreast, | - - - |
| | 8. | To a child of five years old, | - |
| | 9. | The Rose, | - - - |
| | 10. | The Ant, | - - - |
| | 11. | A morning hymn, | - - - |
| | 12. | An evening hymn, | - - - |
| | 13. | The Winter's Day, | - - - |
| | 14. | Compassion and forgiveness, | |
| | 15. | The ighorance of man, | - |
| | 16. | The happy choice, | - - |
| | 17. | The fall of the leaf, | - - |

	Page
18. Trust in the goodness of God,	191
19. The Christian race, - -	192
20. The dying Christian to his soul,	193
21. Epitaph on a poor and virtuous man, - - -	194
22. Love to enemies, - -	ibid.
23. The dangers and snares of life,	195
24. The Divine Being knows and sees every thing, - -	196
25. All nature attests the great Creator, - - -	197
26. Praise due to God for his wonderful works, - -	199
27. The happy end, - -	200
28. A kind and gentle temper of great importance to the happiness of life, - -	201
29. Simplicity, - -	202
30. Care and Generosity, - -	203
31. The Slave, - -	204
32. The Swallows, - -	206

**ADDITIONAL SELECTIONS,
BY THE PUBLISHERS OF THIS EDITION.**

33. Eulogy on General Washington,	207
34. Christ's death, victory, and dominion, - - -	210
35. Farewell to the world, -	211
36. The song of heaven desired by saints on earth, - -	212

CHAPTER IV.

DESCRIPTIVE PIECES.

- | | | | |
|-------|----|------------------------------|-------|
| SECT. | 1. | The pleasures of retirement, | - |
| | 2. | The Sluggard, | - - - |
| | 3. | Creation and Providence, | - |
| | 4. | A morning in Spring, | - |
| | 5. | Heavenly wisdom, | - - - |
| | 6. | The man of Ross, | - - - |
| | 7. | Resignation, | - - - |
| | 8. | Character of Christ, | - - - |

CHAPTER V.

PROMISCUOUS PIECES.

- | | | |
|-------|-----|--------------------------|
| SECT. | 1. | Gratitude to the Supreme |
| | 2. | Acknowledgment of Dis- |
| | | vours, - - |
| | 3. | The excellence of |
| | 4. | On Industry, |
| | 5. | On early rising |
| | 6. | The drownin |
| | 7. | To a Redbr |
| | 8. | To a child |
| | 9. | The Rose |
| | 10. | The An |
| | 11. | A mor |
| | 12. | An ev |
| | 13. | The V |
| | 14. | Com |
| | 15. | Th |
| | 16. | Th |
| | 17. | Th |

18. Trust in the goodness of God	180
19. The Christmas race	181
20. The dying Christmas in the soul	182
21. Epitaph on a poor and virtuous man	183
22. Love to enemies	184
23. The dangers and snares of life	185
24. The Divine Being above and sees every thing	186
25. All nature attests the greatness of God	187
26. Praise due to God for his wonderful works	188
27. The happy end	189
28. A kind and gentle remembrance of great importance to the happiness of life	190
29. Simplicity	191
and Generosity	192
Slave	193
valleys	194

NAL SELECTIONS, OTHERS OF THIS EDITION.

General Washington, bath, victory, and so.	197
the world,	198
of heaven desired by earth,	199



RULES AND OBSERVATIONS,
FOR ASSISTING CHILDREN TO READ WITH
PROPRIETY.

—♦—♦—♦—

THE compiler of this work having, in the preface to his "English Reader," explained at large the principles of elocution, nothing on this head seems to be necessary in the present publication, but to give a few plain and simple rules, adapted to the younger classes of learners; and to make some observations, calculated to rectify the errors which they are most apt to commit. These rules may be comprehended under the following heads.— They are comprised in few words, and a little separated from the observations, that those teachers who wish their pupils to commit them to memory, may more readily distinguish them from the parts which require only an attentive perusal.

I. All the simple sounds should be pronounced with fulness, distinctness, and energy; particularly the vowels, on the proper utterance of which, the force and beauty of pronunciation greatly depend.

The simple sounds, especially those signified by the letters *l*, *r*, *s*, *th*, and *sh*, are often very imperfectly pronounced by young persons. *B* and *p* are apt to be confounded: so are *d* and *t*, *s* and *x*, *f* and *v*. The letters *v* and *w* are often sounded the one for the other: thus, wine is pronounced rine; and vinegar, winegar. The diphthong *ow* is, in some words, vulgarly sounded like *er*: as foller, neller, winder; instead of follow, mellow, window. When several consonants, proper to be sounded, occur in the beginning or at the end of words, it

is a very common error to omit one of them in pronunciation: as in the words *asps*, *casks*, *breadth*, *fifth*, *twelfth*, *strength*, *hearth*, sounding the letter *h*, when it is proper to this letter, is a great fault in pronunciation, very difficult wholly to correct.

When children have acquired any improper pronunciation with respect to simple sounds, the best method of correction is, to make them frequently repeat words and sentences, in which those sounds occur. When the simple sounds are thoroughly understood and acquired, the various combinations of them into syllables and words will be easily effected.

II. In order to give spirit and propriety to pronunciation, due attention must be paid to emphasis, and cadence.

When we distinguish a syllable by a greater force of the voice, it is called *accent*. When we distinguish any word in a sentence, it is called *emphasis*. It is difficult to give precise rules for placing the accent: but the best general direction is to consult the most approved pronunciationaries, and to imitate the practice of the correct speakers.

There are, in every sentence, some words, on which the sense of the rest depends, and these must always be distinguished by a stronger sound of voice, whether they be found in the beginning, the middle, or at the end of the sentence. It is highly improper to put emphasis on words of little importance. Words put in opposition to each other are always emphatic: as, "*Here* I am *miserable*; but *there* I am *happy*." "Children," says Beattie, "are often taught to read with proper emphasis. When new books are put before them which they do not understand, it is impossible they should apply properly. Let them, therefore, read nothing but what they understand."

what is level to their capacity. Let them read deliberately, and with attention to every word. Let them be set right, not only when they misapply the emphasis ; but also cautioned against the opposite extremes of too forcible and too feeble an application of it: for, by the former of these faults, they become affected in their utterance ; and by the latter, insipid." That children may be enabled to apply the emphasis, with judgment, they should carefully study the subject, and ascertain the meaning of every difficult word and sentence, previous to their being called to read to the teacher.

As emphasis consists in raising the voice, cadence signifies the falling of it. Towards the close of a sentence, the cadence takes place, unless the concluding words be emphatical. It should always be easy and gradual, not abrupt ; and should never be expressed in a feeble and languid manner.—Even the falling of the voice may be managed with spirit and variety.

III. As the art of reading greatly depends on the proper management of the breath, it should be used with economy. The voice ought to be relieved at every stop ; slightly at a comma, more leisurely at a semicolon, or a colon, and completely at a period.

A due attention to this rule, will prevent a broken, faint, and languid voice, which is the usual fault of ignorant and vulgar readers. It will enable the reader to preserve the command of his voice ; to pronounce the longest sentence with as much ease as the shortest ; and to acquire that freedom and energy, with which a person of judgment naturally expresses his perceptions, emotions, and passions, in common discourse.

The comma marks the shortest pause, the semicolon, a pause double that of the comma ; the colon, double that of the semicolon ; and the pe-



RULES AND OBSERVATIONS,
FOR ASSISTING CHILDREN TO READ WITH
PROPRIETY.

—♦—

THE compiler of this work having, in the face to his "English Reader," explained at large principles of elocution, nothing on this head was to be necessary in the present publication, but give a few plain and simple rules, adapted to younger classes of learners; and to make some observations, calculated to rectify the errors which are most apt to commit. These rules may be comprehended under the following heads.— They are comprised in few words, and a little separated from the observations, that those teachers who wish their pupils to commit them to memory may more readily distinguish them from the texts which require only an attentive perusal.

All the simple sounds should be pronounced with fullness, distinctness, and energy; particularly the vowels, on the proper utterance of which, the ease and beauty of pronunciation greatly depend. The simple sounds, especially those signified by letters *l*, *r*, *s*, *th*, and *sh*, are often very improperly pronounced by young persons. *B* and *p* are to be confounded: so are *d* and *t*, *s* and *x*, *f* and *v*. The letters *v* and *w* are often sounded the one for the other: thus, wine is pronounced vine; vinegar, winegar. The diphthong *ow* is, in several words, vulgarly sounded like *er*: as foller, winder; instead of follow, mellow, window. In several consonants, proper to be sounded, it is in the beginning or at the end of words, it

is a very common error to omit one of them in nunciation : as in the words *asps*, *casks*, *gu* *breadth*, *fifth*, *twelfth*, *strength*, *hearth*s. sounding the letter *h*, when it is proper to so this letter, is a great fault in pronunciation, very difficult wholly to correct.

When children have acquired any improper its with respect to simple sounds, the best n of correction is, to make them frequently re words and sentences, in which those sounds oc When the simple sounds are thoroughly unders and acquired, the various combinations of t into syllables and words will be easily effectec

II. In order to give spirit and propriety to nunciation, due attention must be paid to acc emphasis, and cadence.

When we distinguish a syllable by a greater s of the voice, it is called *accent*. When we distinguish any word in a sentence, it is c: *emphasis*. It is difficult to give precise rules placing the accent : but the best general direc is to consult the most approved pronouncing tionaries, and to imitate the practice of the correct speakers.

There are, in every sentence, some wor words, on which the sense of the rest depe: and these must always be distinguished by a f and stronger sound of voice, whether they found in the beginning, the middle, or at the of the sentence. It is highly improper to la emphasis on words of little importance. W put in opposition to each other are always emp cal : as, "*Here* I am *miserable* ; but *there*, I be *happy*." "Children," says Beattie, "ar often taught to read with proper emphasis. W books are put before them which they do not derstand, it is impossible they should apply it perly. Let them, therefore, read nothing

what is level to their capacity. Let them read deliberately, and with attention to every word. Let them be set right, not only when they misapply the emphasis ; but also cautioned against the opposite extremes of too forcible and too feeble an application of it: for, by the former of these faults, they become affected in their utterance ; and by the latter, insipid." That children may be enabled to apply the emphasis, with judgment, they should carefully study the subject, and ascertain the meaning of every difficult word and sentence, previous to their being called to read to the teacher.

As emphasis consists in raising the voice, cadence signifies the falling of it. Towards the close of a sentence, the cadence takes place, unless the concluding words be emphatical. It should always be easy and gradual, not abrupt ; and should never be expressed in a feeble and languid manner.—Even the falling of the voice may be managed with spirit and variety.

III. As the art of reading greatly depends on the proper management of the breath, it should be used with economy. The voice ought to be relieved at every stop ; slightly at a comma, more leisurely at a semicolon, or a colon, and completely at a period.

A due attention to this rule, will prevent a broken, faint, and languid voice, which is the usual fault of ignorant and vulgar readers. It will enable the reader to preserve the command of his voice ; to pronounce the longest sentence with as much ease as the shortest ; and to acquire that freedom and energy, with which a person of judgment naturally expresses his perceptions, emotions, and passions, in common discourse.

The comma marks the shortest pause, the semicolon, a pause double that of the comma ; the colon, double that of the semicolon ; and the pe-

riod, double that of the colon. A dash follows a stop, shows that the pause is to be greater than the stop were alone; and when used by itself requires a pause of such length as the sense alone determine. A paragraph requires a pause double that which is proper at a period.

The points of interrogation and exclamation are uncertain as to their time. The pause which they demand is equal to a semicolon, a colon, or a period, as the sense may require. They should be attended with an elevation of the voice. The parenthesis, unless accompanied with a stop, requires but a small pause. It generally marks a moderate depression of the voice.

IV. Let the tone of the voice in reading be the same as it would be in speaking on the same subject.

To render this rule proper and effectual, children should be taught to speak slowly, distinctly and with due attention to the sentiments they express. The mode of speaking is then only to be imitated by the reader, when it is just and natural.

V. Endeavour to vary and modulate the voice according to the nature of the subject, whether it be in a solemn, a serious, a familiar, a gay, a mournful, or an ironical strain.

It would be highly improper to read an interesting narrative, with an air of negligence; to express warm emotions of the heart, with cold indifference; and to pronounce a passage of Scripture a sublime and important subject, with the faint tone of common conversation. On the other hand, it would be absurd to read a letter on trivial subjects, in a mournful strain; or a production of gaiety and humour, with grave formality.

VI. In reading verse, the same general directions must be observed, as have been given for reading prose.

Narrative, didactic, descriptive, and pathetic pieces, have the same peculiar tone and manner, in poetry as in prose. A singing note, and making the lines jingle by laying too great stress on the rhyming words should be particularly avoided. A very small pause ought to be made at the end of a line, unless the sense, or some of the usual marks of pause, require a considerable one. The great rule for reading verse, as well as prose, is to read slowly, distinctly, and in a natural tone of voice.

We shall now caution young readers against some faults which many are apt to commit. In doing this, it will unavoidably happen, that a few of the preceding observations will, in some respects, be repeated; but this confirmation of the rules will, it is presumed, be no disadvantage to the learners. A display of the various errors in reading, incident to children, may make a greater impression, than directions which are positive, and point only to the propriety of pronunciation.

1. Avoid too loud, or too low a voice.

An overstrained voice is very inconvenient to the reader, as well as disgusting to the hearer. It exhausts the reader's spirits; and prevents the proper management and modulation of his voice, according to the sense of his subject; and it naturally leads into a tone. Too low a voice is not so inconvenient to the speaker, as the other extreme; but it is very disagreeable to the hearer. It is always offensive to an audience, to observe any thing in the reader or speaker, that marks indolence or inattention. When the voice is naturally too loud; or too low; young persons should correct it in their ordinary conversation: by this means they will learn to avoid both the extremes. *in reading.* They should begin the sentence with

an even moderate voice, which will enable them to rise or fall as the subject requires.

2. Avoid a thick, confused, cluttering voice.

It is very disagreeable to hear a person mumble, clip, or swallow his words; leaving out some syllables in the long words, and scarcely ever pronouncing some of the short ones; but hurrying on without any care to give his words their full sound, or his hearers the full sense of them. The fault is not easily cured. The best means of mending it, is, to endeavour, both in conversation and reading, to pronounce every word in a deliberate, clear, and distinct manner.

3. Be careful to read neither too quick nor too slow.

A precipitant reader leaves no room for pauses, fatigues himself; and lowers the dignity of his subject. His hearers lose much of what is delivered, and must always be dissatisfied with a reader who hurries and tires them. Children are very apt to read too fast, and to take pleasure in it, thinking that they who pronounce the words with the greatest rapidity, are the best scholars.—The heavy, dronish, sleepy reader, and who often makes pauses where there should be none, is also very disagreeable. If he hems and yawns between the periods, he is still more so.

4. Study to avoid an irregular mode of pronunciation.

It is a great fault in reading, to raise and fall the voice by fits and starts; to elevate and depress it unseasonably, without regard to sense or stops; or always to begin a sentence with a high voice, and conclude it with a low one, or, on the contrary, to begin with a low voice, and conclude with a high one. To avoid these errors, the sentence *should not* be begun in too high or too low a key, *regard should* be had to the nature of the points

and the length of the periods: and the reader's mind should be attentive to the subject, sense, and spirit, of his author.

5. With the utmost care avoid a flat, dull, uniform voice, without emphasis or cadence, or a proper regard to the sense of what is reading.

This is a practice to which children who do not love learning, and who are tired with their lessons, are very prone. When this mode of reading becomes habitual, it is painful to the hearer, and very difficult to be remedied. The best means of cure are those prescribed for the preceding error: for if the mind be attentive to the sentiments delivered, the voice will be adapted to their nature and importance.

6. Reading with an improper tone, is a great and common fault of learners, and must be carefully avoided.

No habit is more easy to be contracted than this, or harder to be overcome. This unnatural tone in reading, is always disgusting to persons of sense and delicacy. Some have a squeaking tone. Persons whose voices are shrill and weak, or overstrained, are apt to fall into this tone.—Some have a singing or canting note: others assume a high, swelling tone. These lay too much stress on every sentence, and violate every rule of decent pronunciation. Some affect an awful and striking tone, attended with solemn grimace; as if they wished to move the reader with every word, whether the weight of the subject supports them, or not. Some have a set, uniform tone of voice, which has already been noticed. Others have a strange, whimsical, whining tone, peculiar to themselves, and not easy to be described. They are continually laying the emphasis on words which do not require or deserve it.

To avoid all kinds of unnatural and disagreeable tones, we should read with the same ease and freedom that would mark our private conversation, on the same subject. We do not hear persons converse in a tone: if we did, we should laugh at them. "Do not," says Dr. Watts, "affect to change that natural and easy sound with which you speak, for a strange, new, awkward tone; as some do, when they begin to read. We should almost be persuaded that the speaker and the reader were two different persons, if our eyes did not tell us the contrary."

We shall close these rules and observations, by a remark of considerable importance to young persons who are desirous of learning to read well. Few rules on the subject are intelligible to children, unless illustrated by the voice of a competent instructor. They should, therefore, pay great attention to the manner in which their teacher, and other persons of approved skill, perform the business of reading. They should observe their mode of pronouncing the words, placing the emphasis, making the pauses, managing the voice, and adapting it to the various subjects they read; and, in all these respects, endeavor to imitate them as nearly as possible.

INTRODUCTION

TO THE ENGLISH READER,



PART I.

PIECES IN PROSE.



CHAPTER I.

SELECT SENTENCES AND PARAGRAPHS.



SECTION I.

TO be good is to be happy.
Vice soon or late brings misery.
We were not made for ourselves only.
A good person has a tender concern for the happiness of others.
Modesty is one of the chief ornaments of youth.
Deceit discovers a little mind.
Cultivate the love of truth.
No confidence can be placed in those who are in the habit of lying.
Neglect no opportunity of doing good.
Idleness is the parent of vice and misery.

Cleanliness promotes health of body and delicacy of mind.

The real wants of nature are soon satisfied.

A contented mind is an inestimable treasure.

Deliberate before you promise.

Boast not of the favours you bestow.

Merit the approbation of the wise and good.

It is a great blessing to have pious and virtuous parents.

The most secret acts of goodness are seen and approved by the Almighty.

SECTION II.

Our reputation, virtue, and happiness, greatly depend on the choice of our companions.

Good or bad habits, formed in youth, generally go with us through life.

We should be kind to all persons, even to those who are unkind to us.

When we acknowledge our misconduct, and are sorry for it, generous and good persons will pity and forgive us.

Our best friends are those who tell us of our faults, and teach us how to correct them.

If tales were not listened to, there would be no tale-bearers.

To take sincere pleasure in the blessings and excellencies of others, is a sure mark of a good heart.

We can never treat a fellow creature ill, without offending the gracious Creator and Father of all.

A kind word, nay, even a kind look, often affords comfort to the afflicted.

Every desire of the heart, every secret thought is known to him who made us.

SECTION III.

He that cares only for himself, has but few pleasures; and those few are of the lowest order.

We may escape the censure of others, when we do wrong privately; but we cannot avoid the reproaches of our own mind.

Partiality to self often hides from us our own faults ; we see very clearly the same faults in others.

Never sport with pain and distress, in any of your amusements ; nor treat even the meanest insect with wonton cruelty.

Vicious pursuits may yield a few scattered pleasures ; but piety and virtue will make our whole life happy.

Fancy paints pleasures at a distance with beautiful colours ; but possession often takes away their beauty.

We should accustom ourselves to bear small injuries patiently ; we shall then be better able to support great ones.

When provoked by the follies of others, think of your own imperfections ; be patient and humble.

Without frugality none can be rich ; and with it very few would be poor.

The good or bad disposition of children often shows itself, in their behaviour to servants and inferiors ; it is seen even in their treatment of dumb animals.

They who ridicule the wise and good are dangerous companions ; they bring virtue itself into contempt.

We cannot be good as God is good, to all persons every where ; but we can rejoice, that every where there is a God to do them good.

SECTION IV.

WHEN blessed with health and prosperity, cultivate a humble and compassionate disposition : think of the distresses of human life ; of the solitary cottage, the dying parent, and weeping orphan.

Avoid all harshness in behaviour : treat every one with that courtesy which springs from a mild and gentle heart.

Be slow in forming intimate connections : they may bring dishonour and misery.

Almost all our desires are apt to wander in improper course : to direct them properly is our care ; but that care will render us safe and secure through life.

The days that are past, are gone for ever that are to come, may not come to us ; the time only is ours : let us, therefore, improve it as much as possible.

They who are moderate in their expectations meet with few disappointments : the eager and sumptuous are continually disappointed.

Whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well : but it is impossible to do any thing without attention.

Let us not expect too much pleasure in this world ; no situation is exempt from trouble. The few persons are, no doubt, the happiest ; but they have their trials and afflictions.

SECTION V.

How greatly do the kind offices of a dutiful and affectionate child, gladden the heart of a parent, especially when sinking under age or infirmity.

What better proof can we give of wisdom and goodness, than to be content with the station which Providence has placed us ?

An honest man, (as Pope expresses him) is doing the noblest work of God.

How pleasant it is, when we lie down at night to reflect that we are at peace with all parties ; that we have carefully performed the duties of the day ! that the Almighty beholds and loves us.

How readily should we forgive those who have injured us, if we considered how much our heavenly Father has forgiven us !

Who would exchange the humble peace and contentment of a virtuous life, for all the honours and pleasures of the vain world ?

Pride (to use the emphatical words of a writer) was not made for man.

How can we spend our time foolishly, when we know that we must give an account hereafter, of our thoughts, words, and actions?

How glorious an object is the sun! but how much more glorious is that great and good Being who made it for our use!

Behold, how rich and beautiful are the works of nature! What a bountiful provision is made for our wants and pleasures! surely, the author of so many blessings is worthy of our love and gratitude!

SECTION VI.

CYRUS, when young, being asked what was the first thing which he learned, answered; "To speak the truth."

Epaminondas, the celebrated Theban general, was remarkable for his love of truth. He never told a lie even in jest.

All our moral duties are contained in these few words; "Do as you would be done by."

The following was a favourite sentiment of the wise and good Socrates: "We should eat and drink, in order to live; instead of living, as many do, to eat and drink."

Artaxerxes Mnemon, king of Persia, being, upon an extraordinary occasion, reduced to eat barley bread and dried figs, and to drink water; "What pleasure," said he, "have I lost till now, by my delicacies and excess!"

When Cato drew near the close of life, he made this most benevolent declaration to his friends: "The greatest comfort of my old age, is, the pleasing remembrance of the friendly offices I have done to others. To see them easy and happy by my means, makes me truly so."

Mark Anthony, when under adverse circumstances, made this interesting exclamation; "I have lost all, except what I have given away!"

The emperor Marcus Aurelius, a pious and good man, expressed the benevolence of his heart, in these words: "I cannot relish a happiness which no one partakes of but myself."

Edward the VI, king of England, being, when very young, required by his uncle to sign a warrant for the execution of a poor woman, on account of her religious principles, said, with tears in his eyes: "I almost wish I had never learned to write."

SECTION VII.

PITY the sorrows and sufferings of the poor. Disdain not to enter their wretched abodes; nor to listen to their moving lamentations.

Gratitude is a delightful emotion. The grateful heart at once performs its duty, and endears itself to others.

If we ought to be grateful for services received from our friends, how should our hearts glow with thankfulness to Him who has given us being, and all the blessings we enjoy!

Young people too often set out in life, with too much confidence in themselves. Alas! how little do they know the dangers which await them!

To repine at the improvements of others, and wish to deprive them of the praise they have deserved, is an envious and odious disposition.

We ought not to be proud or vain of the advantages we possess; but humbly endeavour to use them for the benefit of our fellow creatures, and the glory of that great Being from whom we have received them.

If we consider how much the comfort, or the uneasiness of all around us, depends on the state of our own temper, we should surely endeavour to render it sweet and accommodating.

When we feel our inability to resist evil, and to *do good*, what a comfort it is, to know that our

avenly Father will, if we humbly apply to him, or our prayers, and graciously assist us!

When young persons are afflicted with illness, & greatly do they endear themselves to all about them, by being tractable, considerate, gentle, and useful! but how painful it is, to see them peevish, self-willed, and unthankful! How much do former qualities lessen the affliction; and therefore, increase it!

A family where the great Father of the universe is duly revered; where parents are honoured & obeyed; where brothers and sisters dwell together in love and harmony; where peace and order reign; where there is no law but the law of goodness and wisdom; is surely a most delightful & interesting spectacle!

SECTION VIII.

GOD is the kindest and best of beings. He is our Father. He approves us when we do well: pities us when we err; and he desires to make us happy forever. How greatly should we love so good and kind a Father! and how careful should we be to serve and please him.

Never insult the unfortunate, especially when they implore relief or assistance. If you cannot grant their requests, refuse them mildly and tenderly. If you feel compassion for them, (and every good heart can behold distress without feeling compassion)? be not ashamed to express it.

Listen to the affectionate counsels of your parents; treasure up their precepts; respect their judgment; and enjoy, with gratitude and delight, the advantages resulting from their society. Be kind to your bosom, by the most endearing ties; love your brothers and sisters; cherish them as your nearest companions, through the various vicissitudes of life; and suffer no jealousies and contentions to interrupt the harmony, which should ever reign amongst you.

They who are accustomed to view their companions in the most favourable light, are like persons who dwell amidst those beautiful scenes of nature, on which the eye rests with pleasure. Suspicious persons resemble the traveller in the wilderness, who sees no objects around him, but what are either dreary or terrible.

SECTION IX.

AN amiable youth lamented, in terms of sincere grief, the death of a most affectionate parent.— His companion endeavoured to console him by the reflection, that he had always behaved to the deceased, with duty, tenderness, and respect. “So I thought,” replied the youth, “whilst my parent was living: but now I recollect with pain and sorrow, many instances of disobedience and neglect, for which, alas! it is too late to make atonement.”

Sir Isaac Newton possessed a remarkably mild and even temper. This great man, on a particular occasion, was called out of his study to an adjoining apartment. A little dog, named Diamond, the constant but incurious attendant of his master’s researches, happened to be left among the papers; and threw down a lighted candle, which consumed the almost finished labours of some years. Sir Isaac soon returned, and had the mortification to behold his irreparable loss. But, with his usual self-possession, he only exclaimed; “Oh Diamond! Diamond! thou little knowest the mischief thou hast done.”

Queen Caroline having observed that her daughter, the princess ———, had made one of the ladies about her stand a long time, whilst she was talking to her on some trifling subject, was resolved to give her a suitable reprimand. When the princess came in the evening, as usual, to read to her, and was drawing a chair to sit down, the queen said; “No, my dear, you must not sit at



29

nt ; for I intend to make you stand this even-
s long as you suffered lady ——— to remain
: same position."

e benevolent John Howard, having settled
counts at the close of a particular year, and
a balance in his favour, proposed to his wife
ke use of it in a journey to London, or in any
amusement she chose. "What a pretty
ge for a poor family it would build!" was
swer. This charitable hint met his cordial
bation, and the money was laid out accord-

race, a celebrated Roman poet, relates, that
ntryman, who wanted to pass a river, stood
ng on the banks of it, in the foolish expecta-
that a current so rapid would soon discharge
ters. But the stream still flowed, increased,
ps, by fresh torrents from the mountains :
must forever flow, because the sources, from
it is derived, are inexhaustable. Thus, the
nd irresolute youth trifles over his books, or
s in play the precious moments ; deferring
sk of improvement, which at first is easy to
complished, but which will become more and
difficult, the longer it is neglected.

CHAPTER II.

NARRATIVE PIECES.

SECTION I.

The pious sons.

IN one of those terrible eruptions of mount which have often happened, the danger to habitants of the adjacent country, was uncolly great. To avoid immediate destruction the flames, and the melted lava which ran the sides of the mountain, the people were o to retire to a considerable distance. Amid hurry and confusion of such a scene, (ever flying and carrying away whatever he deeme precious,) two brothers, the one named Ar the other Amphinomus, in the height of th licitude for the preservation of their weal goods, suddenly recollected that their father mother, both very old, were unable to save selves by flight. Filial tenderness triumphed every other consideration. "Where," cried generous youths, "shall we find a more precious treasure, than they are who gave us being who have cherished and protected us, th life?" Having said this, the one took up his on his shoulders, and the other his mother happily made their way through the surrounding smoke and flames. All who were witnesses dutiful and affectionate conduct, were struck the highest admiration: and they and their p ity, ever after, called the path which these young men took in their retreat, "The Path of the Pious."

SECTION II.

Filial sensibility.

LONG instance of affectionate and dutiful
 ent to parents, has been related in the pre-
 section. The following display of filial
 ss, is scarcely less interesting and extraor-

ing gentleman in one of the academies at
 as remarked for eating nothing but soup
 bread, and drinking only water. The
 r of the institution, attributing this singu-
 excess of devotion, reproved his pupil, and
 ured to persuade him to alter his resolu-
 inding, however, that his remonstrances
 effectual, he sent for him again, and obser-
 um, that such conduct was highly unbe-
 and that it was his duty to conform to
 of the academy. He then endeavoured
 the reason of his pupil's conduct; but as
 h could not be prevailed upon to impart
 it, the governor at last threatened to send
 to his family. This menace produced an
 te explanation: "Sir," said the young
 in my father's house I eat nothing but
 eak, and of that very little: here I have
 up, and excellent white bread; and though
 if I chose it, fare luxuriously, I cannot
 myself to take any thing else, when I re-
 the situation in which I have left my fath-
 rother." The governor was greatly mov-
 is instance of filial sensibility, and could
 ain from tears. "Your father," said he,
 sen in the army; has he no pension?"
 eplied the youth: "he has long been so-
 one; but, for want of money, has been

obliged to give up the pursuit: and rather contract any debts at Versailles, he has chosen life of wretchedness in the country." "When I returned the governor, "if the fact is as you represented it, I promise to procure for your father a pension of five hundred livres a year, since your friends are in so reduced circumstances take these three louis-d'or, for your pocket pences. I will undertake to remit your father's first half year of his pension, in advance." "Sir!" replied the youth, "as you have the goodness to propose remitting a sum of money to my father, I entreat you to add to it these three louis-d'or. As I have here every thing I can wish, I do not need them: but they would be of great use to my father in the maintenance of his children."

SECTION III.

Cruelty to Insects condemned.

A CERTAIN youth indulged himself in the entertainment of torturing and killing flies. He tore off their wings and legs, and then watched with pleasure their feeble efforts to escape from him. Sometimes he collected a number of them together, and crushed them at once to death; gloried like many a celebrated hero, in the devastation he committed. His tutor remonstrated with him in vain, on this barbarous conduct. He could not persuade him to believe that flies are capable of pain, and have a right, no less than ourselves, to life, liberty, and enjoyment. The signs of agony which, when tormented, they express, by their various contortions of their bodies, he neither understood, nor regarded.

The tutor had a microscope ; and he desired his pupil, one day, to examine a most beautiful and surprising animal. "Mark," said he, "how it is studded from head to tail with black and silver, and its body all over beset with the most curious bristles ! The head contains the most lively eyes, encircled with silver hairs ; and the trunk consists of two parts, which fold over each other. The whole body is ornamented with plumes and decorations, which surpass all the luxuries of dress, in the courts of the greatest princes." Pleased and astonished with what he saw, the youth was impatient to know the name and properties of this wonderful animal. It was withdrawn from the magnifier ; and when offered to his naked eye, proved to be a poor fly, which had been the victim of his wanton cruelty.

PERCIVAL.

SECTION IV.

Selfish sorrow reprov'd.

One day, during the summer vacation, Alexis had prepared himself to set out, with a party of his companions, upon a little journey of pleasure.—But the sky lowered, the clouds gathered, and he remained for some time in anxious suspense about his expedition ; which at last was prevented by heavy and continued rain. The disappointment overpowered his fortitude ; he burst into tears ; lamented the untimely change of weather ; and suddenly refused all consolation.

In the evening, the clouds were dispersed ; the sun shone with unusual brightness ; and the face of nature seemed to be renewed in vernal beauty.—Euphronius conducted Alexis into the fields. The storm of passion in his breast was now stilled ; and the serenity of the air, the music of the feathered

obliged to give up the pursuit: and rather contract any debts at Versailles, he has chosen a life of wretchedness in the country." "Well," returned the governor, "if the fact is as you represented it, I promise to procure for your father a pension of five hundred livres a year, since your friends are in so reduced circumstances: I will undertake to remit your father the first half year of his pension, in advance." "Sir!" replied the youth, "as you have the goodness to propose remitting a sum of money to my father, I entreat you to add to it these three louis-d'or. As I have here every thing I can wish for, I do not need them: but they would be of great use to my father in the maintenance of his other children."

SECTION III.

Cruelty to Insects condemned.

A CERTAIN youth indulged himself in the cruel entertainment of torturing and killing flies. He tore off their wings and legs, and then watched with pleasure their feeble efforts to escape from him. Sometimes he collected a number of them together, and crushed them at once to death; glorying like many a celebrated hero, in the devastation he committed. His tutor remonstrated with him, in vain, on this barbarous conduct. He could not persuade him to believe that flies are capable of pain, and have a right, no less than ourselves, to life, liberty, and enjoyment. The signs of agony which, when tormented, they express, by the quick and various contortions of their bodies, he neither understood, nor regarded.

The tutor had a microscope ; and he desired his pupil, one day, to examine a most beautiful and surprising animal. "Mark," said he, "how it is clothed from head to tail with black and silver, its body all over beset with the most curious scales ! The head contains the most lively eyes, crested with silver hairs ; and the trunk consists of two parts, which fold over each other. The whole body is ornamented with plumes and decorations, which surpass all the luxuries of dress, in the courts of the greatest princes." Pleased and astonished with what he saw, the youth was impatient to know the name and properties of this wonderful animal. It was withdrawn from the magnifying glass, and when offered to his naked eye, proved to be a poor fly, which had been the victim of his wanton cruelty.

PERCIVAL.

SECTION IV.

Selfish sorrow reprieved.

One day, during the summer vacation, Alexis prepared himself to set out, with a party of his passions, upon a little journey of pleasure.—But sky lowered, the clouds gathered, and he remained for some time in anxious suspense about his expedition ; which at last was prevented by heavy continued rain. The disappointment overpowered his fortitude ; he burst into tears ; lamented the untimely change of weather ; and suddenly refused all consolation.

In the evening, the clouds were dispersed ; the moon shone with unusual brightness ; and the face of nature seemed to be renewed in vernal beauty.—Ironius conducted Alexis into the fields. The storm of passion in his breast was now stilled ; and the serenity of the air, the music of the feathered

obliged to give up the pursuit: and rather contract any debts at Versailles, he has chosen life of wretchedness in the country." "When I returned the governor, "if the fact is as you represented it, I promise to procure for your father a pension of five hundred livres a year, since your friends are in so reduced circumstances, take these three louis-d'or, for your pocket pences. I will undertake to remit your father's first half year of his pension, in advance." "Sir!" replied the youth, "as you have the goodness to propose remitting a sum of money to my father, I entreat you to add to it these three louis-d'or. As I have here every thing I can wish for, I do not need them: but they would be of great use to my father in the maintenance of his other children."

SECTION III.

Cruelty to Insects condemned.

A CERTAIN youth indulged himself in the entertainment of torturing and killing flies. He tore off their wings and legs, and then watched with pleasure their feeble efforts to escape from him. Sometimes he collected a number of them together, and crushed them at once to death; glorying like many a celebrated hero, in the devastation committed. His tutor remonstrated with him, in vain, on this barbarous conduct. He could not persuade him to believe that flies are capable of pain, and have a right, no less than ourselves, to life, liberty, and enjoyment. The signs of agony which, when tormented, they express, by the quick and various contortions of their bodies, he neither understood, nor regarded.

The tutor had a microscope ; and he desired his pupil, one day, to examine a most beautiful and surprising animal. "Mark," said he, "how it is studded from head to tail with black and silver, and its body all over beset with the most curious bristles ! The head contains the most lively eyes, encircled with silver hairs ; and the trunk consists of two parts, which fold over each other. The whole body is ornamented with plumes and decorations, which surpass all the luxuries of dress, in the courts of the greatest princes." Pleased and astonished with what he saw, the youth was impatient to know the name and properties of this wonderful animal. It was withdrawn from the magnifier ; and when offered to his naked eye, proved to be a poor fly, which had been the victim of his wanton cruelty.

PERCIVAL.

SECTION IV.

Selfish sorrow reprov'd.

One day, during the summer vacation, Alexis had prepared himself to set out, with a party of his companions, upon a little journey of pleasure.—But the sky lowered, the clouds gathered, and he remained for some time in anxious suspense about his expedition ; which at last was prevented by heavy and continued rain. The disappointment overpowered his fortitude ; he burst into tears ; lamented the untimely change of weather ; and suddenly refused all consolation.

In the evening, the clouds were dispersed ; the sun shone with unusual brightness ; and the face of nature seemed to be renewed in vernal beauty.—Euphronius conducted Alexis into the fields. The storm of passion in his breast was now stilled ; and the serenity of the air, the music of the feathered

songsters, the verdure of the meadows, and sweet perfumes which breathed around, regaled every sense, and filled his mind with delightful emotions.

"Do not you remark," said Euphronius, "delightful change which has suddenly taken place in the whole creation? Recollect the appearance of the scene before us yesterday. The ground then parched with a long drought; the flowers their drooping heads; no fragrant odours were perceived; and vegetation seemed to cease. What cause must we impute the revival of nature? To the rain which fell this morning," replied Alexis, with a modest confusion. He was still with the selfishness and folly of his conduct; his own bitter reflections anticipated the reproach of Euphronius.

PERCIVA

SECTION V.

We are often deceived by appearances.

A YOUTH, who lived in the country, and had not acquired, either by reading or conversation, any knowledge of the animals which inhabit foreign regions, came to Manchester, to see and exhibition of wild beasts. The size and figure of the elephant struck him with awe; and he viewed the rhinoceros with astonishment. But his attention was soon withdrawn from these animals, and directed to another, of the most elegant and beautiful form. He stood contemplating, with silent admiration, the glossy smoothness of his hair; the brightness and regularity of the streaks with which his coat was marked; the symmetry of his limbs; and above all the placid sweetness of his countenance. "What is the name of this lovely animal," said he to the keeper, "which you have placed near

the ugliest beasts in your collection, as if you want to contrast beauty with deformity?" "Be-ware, young man," replied the intelligent keeper, "of being so easily captivated with external appearance. The animal which you admire, is called a tiger: and notwithstanding the meekness of his looks, he is fierce and savage beyond description. I can neither terrify him by correction, nor tame him by indulgence. But the other beast, which you despise, is in the highest degree docile, affectionate, and useful. For the benefit of man, he traverses the sandy deserts of Arabia, where drink and pasture are seldom to be found; and will continue six or seven days without sustenance, yet still patient of labour. His hair is manufactured into clothing; his flesh is deemed wholesome nourishment; and the milk of the female is much valued by the Arabs. The camel, therefore, or such is the name given to this animal, is more worthy of your admiration than the tiger; notwithstanding the inelegance of his make, and the two bunches upon his back. For mere external beauty is of little estimation; and deformity, when associated with amiable dispositions and useful qualities, does not preclude our respect and approbation.

PERCIVAL.

SECTION VI.

The two bees.

ON a fine morning in summer, two bees set forward in quest of honey; the one wise and temperate, the other careless and extravagant. They soon arrived at a garden enriched with aromatic herbs, the most fragrant flowers, and the most delicious fruits. They regaled themselves with the various dainties that were spread before them; the

one loaded his thighs at intervals with provision for the hive against the distant winter: the oth-
 revelled in sweets without regard to any thing but
 his present gratification. At length they found
 a wide-mouthed phial, that hung beneath the bough
 of a peach-tree, filled with honey ready to tempt
 and exposed to their taste in the most alluring
 manner. The thoughtless epicure, in spite of his
 friend's remonstrances, plunged headlong into the
 vessel, resolving to indulge himself in all the pleasures
 of sensuality. His philosophic companion
 on the other hand, supped a little, with caution
 but, being suspicious of danger, flew off to fruit
 and flowers; where, by the moderation of his
 meals, he improved his relish for the true enjoyment
 of them. In the evening, however, he called
 upon his friend, to inquire whether he would re-
 turn to the hive: but he found him surfeited
 with sweets, which he was as unable to leave as to
 enjoy. Clogged in his wings, enfeebled in his feet
 and his whole frame totally enervated, he was
 just able to bid his friend adieu; and to lament
 with his latest breath, that though a taste
 of pleasure may quicken the relish of life, an un-
 restrained indulgence leads to inevitable destruction.

DODSLEY.

SECTION VII.

Ingenuity and industry rewarded.

A RICH husbandman had two sons, the one exactly
 a year older than the other. The very day
 the second was born, he set in the entrance of his
 orchard, two young apple-trees of equal size
 which he cultivated with the same care, and which
 grew so equally, that no person could perceive the
 least difference between them. When his children

capable of handling garden tools, he took, one fine morning in spring, to see these trees, which he had planted for them, and after their names: and when they had sufficiently admired their growth, and the number of blossoms that covered them, he said, "My dear children, I give you these trees: you see they are in good condition. They will thrive as much by your care, as they will decline by your neglect; and their fruit will reward you in proportion to your labour."

He youngest, named Edmund, was industrious and attentive. He busied himself in clearing the tree of insects that would hurt it; and he supported up its stem, to prevent its taking a wrong turn. He loosened the earth about it, that the warmth of the sun, and the moisture of the dews, might cherish the roots. His mother had not attended him more carefully in his infancy, than he attended his young apple-tree.

His brother, Moses, did not imitate his example.

He spent a great deal of time on a mountain that was near, throwing stones at the passengers on the road. He went among all the little dirty street boys in the neighbourhood, to box with them; so that he was often seen with broken noses and black eyes, from the kicks and blows he received in his quarrels. In short, he neglected his tree so far, that he never thought of it, till one day in autumn, he, by chance, saw Edmund's tree so full of apples streaked with purple and gold, that had it not been for the props which supported its branches, the weight of its fruit must have bent it to the ground. Struck with the sight of so fine a tree, he hastened to his garden, hoping to find as large a crop upon it: but, to his great surprise, he saw scarcely any thing but bare branches covered with moss, and a few

yellow withered leaves. Full of passion : jealousy, he ran to his father, and said ; “ Fa-
 er, what sort of a tree is that which you have g-
 en me ? It is as dry as a broomstick ; and I sh-
 not have ten apples on it. My brother you h-
 used better : bid him at least share his apples w-
 me.” — “ Share with you ! ” said his father ; “
 the industrious must lose his labour, to feed
 idle ? Be satisfied with your lot : it is the effect
 your negligence ; and do not think to accuse
 of injustice, when you see your brother’s rich cr-
 Your tree was as fruitful, and in as good order
 his : it bore as many blossoms, and grew in
 same soil, only it was not fostered with the sa-
 care. Edmund has kept his tree clear of hi-
 ful insects ; but you have suffered them to eat
 yours in its blossoms. As I do not choose to
 any thing which God has given me, and for wh-
 I hold myself accountable to him, go to ruin
 shall take this tree from you, and call it no m-
 by your name. It must pass through your bro-
 er’s hands, before it can recover itself ; and fr-
 this moment, both it and the fruit it may bear
 his property. You may, if you will, go into
 nursery, and look for another ; and rear it,
 make amends for your faults : but if you negl-
 it, that too shall be given to your brother, for
 sisting me in my labour.”

Moses felt the justice of his father’s senten-
 and the wisdom of his design. He therefore w-
 that moment into the nursery, and chose one
 the most thriving apple-trees he could find.
 mund assisted him with his advice in rearing
 and Moses embraced every occasion of paying
 tention to it. He was now never out of hum-
 with his comrades, and still less with himself ;
 he applied cheerfully to work ; and in autumn
 had the pleasure of seeing his tree fully ans-



39

hopes. Thus he had the double advantage of ching himself with a splendid crop of fruit ; , at the same time, of subduing the vicious its he had contracted.

his father was so well pleased with this change, , the following year, he divided the produce small orchard between him and his brother.

BERQUIN.

SECTION VIII.

The secret of being always satisfied.

A CERTAIN Italian Bishop, was remarkable for happy and contented disposition. He met a much opposition, and encountered many culties in his journey through life : but it was urved that he never repined at his condition, etrayed the least degree of impatience. An nate friend of his, who highly admired the vir- which he thought it impossible to imitate, one asked the prelate if he could communicate secret of being always satisfied. " Yes," re- d the good old man, " I can teach you my se- , and with great facility. It consists in noth- more, than in making a right use of my eyes." friend begged him to explain himself. " Most ingly," returned the bishop. " In whatever e I am, I first of all look up to heaven ; and re- t that my principal business here, is to get e. I then look down upon the earth, and call ind that, when I am dead, I shall occupy but all space in it. I then look abroad into the ld, and observe what multitudes there are, , in every respect, are less fortunate than my-

Thus I learn where true happiness is placed : re all our cares must end ; and how very little on I have to repine, or to complain."

SECTION IX.

Benifcence its own reward.

PIGALLE, the celebrated artist, was a man of great humanity. Intending, on a particular occasion, to make a journey from Lyons to Paris, he laid by twelve louis-d'or to defray his expenses. But a little before the time proposed for his setting out, he observed a man walking, with strong marks of deep felt sorrow in his countenance and deportment. Pigalle, impelled by the feelings of a benevolent heart, accosted him, and enquired, with much tenderness, whether it was in his power to afford him any relief. The stranger, impressed with the manner of this friendly address, did not hesitate to lay open his distressed situation. "For want often louis-d'or," said he, "I must be dragged this evening to a dungeon; and be separated from a tender wife and a numerous family." "Do you want no more?" exclaimed the humane artist. "Come along with me; I have twelve louis-d'or in my trunk; and they are all at your service."

The next day a friend of Pigalle's met him; and inquired whether it was true, that he had, as was publicly reported, very opportunely relieved a poor man and his family, from the greatest distress. "Ah, my friend!" said Pigalle, "what a delicious supper did I make last night, upon bread and cheese, with a family whose tears of gratitude marked the goodness of their hearts; and who blessed me at every mouthful they eat!"

SECTION X.

The compassionate judge.

THE celebrated Charles Anthony Domat, was promoted to the office of a judge of a Provincial

court, in the south of France, in which he presided, with public applause, for twenty-four years. One day a poor widow brought a complaint before him, against the baron de Nairac, her landlord, for turning her out of possession of a farm which was her whole dependence. Domat heard the cause; and finding by the clearest evidence, that the woman had ignorantly broken a covenant in the lease, which empowered the landlord to take possession of the farm, he recommended mercy to the baron towards a poor honest tenant, who had not willingly transgressed, or done him any material injury. But Nairac being inexorable, the judge was obliged to pronounce a sentence of expulsion from the farm, and to order payment of the damages mentioned in the lease, together with the costs of the suit. In delivering this sentence, Domat wiped his eyes, from which tears of compassion flowed plentifully. When the order of seizure, both of her person and effects, was decreed, the poor woman exclaimed: "O just and righteous God! be thou a father to the widow and her helpless orphans!" and immediately she fainted away. The compassionate judge assisted in raising the distressed woman; and after inquiring into her character, the number of her children, and other circumstances, generously presented her with a hundred louis-d'or, the amount of her damages and costs, which he prevailed with the baron to accept as a full recompense; and the widow was restored to her farm. Deeply affected with the generosity of her benefactor, she said to him: "O, my lord! when will you demand payment, that I may lay up for that purpose?" "I will ask it," replied Domat, "when my conscience shall tell me I have done an improper act."

SECTION XI.

The generous negro.

JOSEPH RACHEL, a respectable negro, resided in the island of Barbadoes. He was a trader, and dealt chiefly in the retail way. In his business, he conducted himself so fairly and complaisantly, that in a town filled with little peddling shops, his doors were thronged with customers. I have often dealt with him, and always found him remarkably honest and obliging. If any one knew not where to obtain an article, Joseph would endeavour to procure it, without making any advantage for himself. In short, his character was so fair, his manners so generous, that the best people showed him a regard, which they often deny to men of their own colour, because they are not blessed with the like goodness of heart.

In 1756 a fire happened, which burned down great part of the town, and ruined many of the inhabitants. Joseph lived in a quarter that escaped the destruction; and expressed his thankfulness, by softening the distresses of his neighbours. Among those who had lost their property by this heavy misfortune, was a man to whose family, Joseph, in the early part of his life, owed some obligations. This man, by too great hospitality, an excess very common in the West-Indies, had involved himself in difficulties, before the fire happened; and his estate lying in houses, that event entirely ruined him. Amidst the cries of misery and want, which excited Joseph's compassion, this man's unfortunate situation claimed particular notice. The generous, the open temper of the sufferer, the obligations that Joseph owed to his family, were special and powerful motives for acting towards him the part of a friend.

Joseph had his bond for sixty pounds sterling, "Unfortunate man!" said he, "this debt shall never come against thee. I sincerely wish thou couldst settle all thy other affairs as easily! But how am I sure that I shall keep in this mind? May not the love of gain, especially when, by length of time, thy misfortune shall become familiar to me, return with too strong a current, and bear down my fellow feeling before it? But for this I have a remedy. Never shalt thou apply for the assistance of any friend against my avarice." He arose, ordered a large account that the man had with him, to be drawn out: and in a whim, that might have called up a smile on the face of charity, filled his pipe, sat down again, twisted the bond and lighted his pipe with it. While the account was drawing out, he continued smoking, in a state of mind that a monarch might envy. When it was finished, he went in search of his friend with the discharged account, and the mutilated bond in his hand. On meeting him, he presented the papers to him with this address; "Sir, I am sensibly affected with your misfortunes; the obligations I have received from your family, give me a relation to every branch of it. I know that your inability to pay what you owe, gives you more uneasiness than the loss of your own substance. That you may not be anxious on my account in particular, accept of this discharge, and the remains of your bond. I am overpaid in the satisfaction that I feel, from having done my duty. I beg you to consider this only as a token of the happiness you will confer upon me, whenever you put it in my power to do you a good office."

RAMSAY.

SECTION XII.

The Indian Chief.

DURING the war in America, a company of Indians attacked a small body of the British troops and defeated them. As the Indians had gained the advantage in swiftness of foot, and were engaged in the pursuit, very few of the British escaped, and those who fell into their hands, were treated with a cruelty, of which there are not many examples, even in that country.

Two of the Indians came up to a young officer and attacked him with great fury. As they were armed with battle-axes, he had no hope of escape. But, just at this crisis, another Indian came up, who was advanced in years, and was armed with a bow and arrows. The old man instantly drew his bow, but, after having taken his aim at the officer, suddenly dropped the point of his arrow, and interposed between him and his pursuers, who were about to cut him in pieces. They retired with respect. The old man then took the officer by the hand, soothed him into confidence by care and having conducted him to his hut, treated him with a kindness which did honour to his profession.

He made him less a slave than a companion, taught him the language of the country ; and instructed him in the rude arts that are practised by the inhabitants. They lived together in the perfect harmony : and the young officer, in the treatment he met with, found nothing to regret, but that sometimes the old man fixed his eyes on him, and, having regarded him for some minutes with a steady and silent attention, burst into tears.

In the mean time, the spring returned, and the Indians again took the field. The old man,

was still vigorous, and able to bear the fatigues of war, set out with them, and was accompanied by his prisoner. They marched above two hundred leagues across the forest, and came at length to a plain, where the British forces were encamped. The old man showed his prisoner the tents at a distance: "There," says he, "are thy countrymen. There is the enemy who wait to give us battle. Remember that I have saved thy life, that I have taught thee to conduct a canoe, to arm thyself with a bow and arrows, and to surprise the beaver in the forest. What wast thou when I first took thee to my hut? Thy hands were those of an infant. They could neither procure thee sustenance nor safety. Thy soul was in utter darkness. Thou wast ignorant of every thing. Thou owest all things to me. Wilt thou then go over to thy nation, and take up the hatchet against us?" The officer replied, "that he would rather lose his own life than take away that of his deliverer." The Indian, bending down his head, and covering his face with both his hands, stood some time silent. Then looking earnestly at his prisoner, he said, in a voice that was at once softened by tenderness and grief; "Hast thou a father?" "My father," said the young man, "was alive when I left my country." "Alas!" said the Indian, "how wretched must he be!"—He paused a moment, and then added, "Dost thou know that I have been a father?—I am a father no more.—I saw my son fall in battle.—He fought at my side. I saw him expire.—He was covered with wounds, when he fell dead at my feet."

He pronounced these words with the utmost vehemence. His body shook with a universal tremor. He was almost stifled with sighs, which he would not suffer to escape him. There was a keen restlessness in his eye; but no tears flowed to his

relief. At length, he became calm by degree and, turning towards the east, where the sun was just risen ; " Dost thou see," said he to the young officer, " the beauty of that sky, which sparkles with prevailing day ? and hast thou pleasure in sight ?" " Yes," replied the young officer, " I have pleasure in the beauty of so fine a sky." " I have none !" said the Indian, and his tears then found their way.

A few minutes after, he showed the young officer a magnolia in full bloom. " Dost thou see that beautiful tree ?" said he, " and dost thou look on it with pleasure ?" " Yes," replied the officer. " I look with pleasure upon that beautiful tree. " I have no longer any pleasure in looking upon it !" said the Indian hastily ; and immediately added ; " Go, return to thy father, that he may have pleasure, when he sees the sun rise in the morning, and the trees blossom in the spring !"

SECTION XIII.

Noble behaviour of Scipio.

Scipio the younger, at twenty-four years of age, was appointed by the Roman republic to the command of the army against the Spaniards. Soon after the conquest of Carthage, the capital of the empire, his integrity and virtue were put to the following exemplary and ever memorable trial, related by historians, ancient and modern, to universal applause. Being retired into his camp, some of his officers brought him a young virgin of such exquisite beauty, that she drew upon the eyes and admiration of every body. The young conqueror started from his seat with confusion and surprise ; and seemed to be robbed of that presence of mind and self-possession, so

ty in a general, and for which Scipio was very
 table. In a few moments, having recovered
 self, he inquired of the beautiful captive, in the
 civil and polite manner, concerning her coun-
 irth, and connexions; and finding that she was
 thed to a Celtiberian prince named Allucius,
 dered both him and the captive's parents to be
 or. When the Spanish prince appeared in
 resence, Scipio took him aside; and to re-
 the anxiety he might feel on account of the
 lady, addressed him in these words: "You
 are young, which admits of my speaking to
 with freedom. They who brought me your
 spouse, assured me at the same time, that
 oved her with extreme tenderness; and her
 y and merit left me no room to doubt it.—
 which, I reflected, that if I were in your situ-
 , I should hope to meet with favour: I there-
 think myself happy in the present conjuncture
 you a service. Though the fortune of war
 made me your master, I desire to be your
 l. Here is your wife: take her, and may you
 appy! You may rest assured, that she has
 amongst us, as she would have been in the
 : of her father and mother. Far be it from
 o to purchase any pleasure at the expense of
 s, honour, and the happiness of an honest
 No; I have kept her for you, in order to
 : you a present worthy of you and of me.—
 only gratitude I require of you, for this ines-
 le gift, is, that you will be a friend to the Ro-
 people." Allucius' heart was too full to make
 any answer; but, throwing himself at the
 ral's feet, he wept aloud: the captive lady
 own in the same posture, and remained so till
 igned father, overwhelmed with transports of
 burst into the following words: "O excel-
 Scipio! Heaven has given thee more than hu-

man virtue. O glorious leader! O woe youth! what pleasure could equal that which now fill thy heart, on hearing the prayers of grateful virgin, for thy health and prosperity. Such was Scipio; a soldier, a youth, a hero, nor was his virtue unrewarded. Allucius, armed with such magnanimity, liberality, and piety, returned to his own country, and published on all occasions, the praises of his generous and humane victor; crying out, "that there was no more into Spain a young hero, who conquered all before him, less by the force of his arms, than by the force of his virtue, and the greatness of his beneficence."

SECTION XIV.

Virtue in humble life.

IN the preceding section, we have seen an illustrious instance of virtue in a person of exalted rank. This section exhibits an equally striking example of uprightness in humble life. Virtue and piety are confined to no station: and wherever they are discovered, they command respect.

Perrin, the amiable subject of this narrative, was born both his parents before he could articulate words, and was obliged to a charity-school education. At the age of fifteen he was hired by a farmer to be a shepherd, in a neighbourhood where Lucetta kept her father's sheep. They soon met, and were fond of being together. After an acquaintance of five years, in which they had many opportunities of becoming thoroughly known to each other, Perrin proposed to Lucetta to ask her father's consent to their marriage. She blushed, and did not refuse her approbation. *she had an errand to the town next day, th*

unity of her absence was chosen for making proposal. "You wish to marry my daughter," said the old man: "have you a house to live in, or money to maintain her? Lucetta's dowry is not enough for both. It will not do, Perrin; it will not do." "But," replied Perrin, "I have hands to work; I have laid up twenty years of my wages, which will defray the expense of the wedding: I will work harder and lay more." "Well," said the old man, "you are young, and may wait a little: get rich, and your daughter's laughter is at your service." Perrin waited for Lucetta's return in the evening. "Has my daughter given you a refusal?" cried Lucetta. "Ah, no," replied Perrin, "how unhappy am I in being poor! But I have not lost all hopes: my circumstances may change for the better." They never tired of conversing together, till the night approached and it became dark. Perrin, taking a false step, fell on the ground. He found a bag, which was heavy. Drawing towards a wall in the neighbourhood, he discovered that it was filled with gold. "I thank heaven," cried Perrin, in a transport of joy, "for being favourable to my wishes. This will satisfy your father, and make us happy." In their way to her father's house, a thought struck Perrin. "This money is not ours, it belongs to some stranger; and perhaps this moment he is lamenting the loss of it. Let us go to the vicar for advice: he has always been kind to me." Perrin put the bag into the vicar's hand, saying, "that at first he looked upon it as a providential present to remove the only obstacle to their marriage; but that he now doubted whether he could lawfully retain it." The vicar listened to the young couple with attention: he admired their honesty, which appeared even to increase their affection: "Perrin," said he, "cher-

ish these sentiments : Heaven will bless you. We will endeavour to find out the owner : he will reward thy honesty. I will add what I can spare. You shall have Lucetta." The bag was advertised in the newspapers, and cried in the neighbouring parishes. Some time having elapsed, and the money not having been demanded, the vicar carried it to Perrin. "These twelve thousand livres bear at present no profit : you may reap the interest at least. Lay them out in such a manner, to ensure the sum itself to the owner, if he should ever appear." A farm was purchased, and the consent of Lucetta's father to the marriage was obtained. Perrin was employed in husbandry, and Lucetta in family affairs. They lived in perfect cordiality : and two children endeared them more to each other.

Perrin one evening, returning homeward from his work, saw a chaise overturned with two gentlemen in it. He ran to their assistance, and offered them every accommodation his small house could afford. "This spot," cried one of the gentlemen, "is very fatal to me. Ten years ago I lost here twelve thousand livres." Perrin listened with attention. "What search made you of them?" said he. "It was not in my power," replied the stranger, "to make any search. I was hurrying to Port l'Orient to embark for the Indies as the vessel was ready to sail." Next morning Perrin showed to his guests his house, his garden, his cattle, and mentioned the produce of his field. "All these are your property," said he, addressing the gentleman who had lost the bag : the money fell into my hands ; I purchased this farm with the money ; the farm is yours. The vicar has an instrument which secures your property, though I had died without seeing you." The stranger read the instrument with emotion : he looked on Perrin, I

telta, and the children. "Where am I," cried he, "and what do I hear? What virtue in people of so low a condition! Have you any other land but this farm?" "No" replied Perrin; "but you will have occasion for a tenant, and I hope you will allow me to remain here." "Your honesty deserves a better recompense," answered the stranger. "My success in trade has been great, and I have forgotten my loss. You are well entitled to this little fortune: keep it as your own. What man in the world could have acted more nobly than you have done?" Perrin and Lucetta shed tears of affection and joy. "My dear children," said Perrin, "kiss the hand of your benefactor.—Lucetta this farm now belongs to us, and we can enjoy it without anxiety or remorse." Thus was honesty rewarded. Let those who desire the reward practise the virtue.

DODD.

SECTION XV.

The Female choice.

A YOUNG girl, having fatigued herself one hot day, with running about the garden, sat down in a pleasant arbour, where she presently fell asleep. During her slumber, two female figures presented themselves before her. One was loosely habited in a thin robe of pink, with light green trimmings. Her sash of silver gauze flowed to the ground.—Her fair hair fell in ringlets down her neck; and her head dress consisted of artificial flowers interwoven with feathers. She held in one hand a ball ticket, and in the other a fancy dress all covered with spangles and knots of gay ribbon. She advanced smiling to the girl, and with a familiar air thus addressed her.

"My dearest Melissa, I am a kind genius who have watched you from your birth, and have joy-

fully beheld all your beauties expand, till at length they have rendered you a companion worthy of me. See what I have brought you. This dress and this ticket will give you free access to all the ravishing delights of my palace. With me you will pass your days in a perpetual round of ever-varying amusements. Like the gay butterfly, you will have no other business than to flutter from flower to flower, and spread your charms before admiring spectators. No restraints, no toils, no dull tasks, are to be found within my happy domains. All is pleasure, life, and good humour. Come then, my dear! Let me put you on this dress, which will make you quite enchanting; and away, away with me!"

Melissa felt a strong inclination to comply with the call of this inviting nymph; but first she thought it would be prudent at least to ask her name.

"My name," said she, "is DISSIPATION."

The other female then advanced. She was clothed in a close habit of brown stuff, simply relieved with white. She wore her smooth hair under a plain cap. Her whole person was perfectly neat and clean. Her look was serious, but satisfied; and her air was staid and composed. She held in one hand a distaff; on the opposite arm hung a work basket; and the girdle round her waist was garnished with scissors, knitting-needles, reels, and other implements of female labour. A bunch of keys hung at her side. She thus accosted the sleeping girl.

"Melissa, I am the genius who have ever been the friend and companion of your mother; and I now offer you my protection. I have no allurements to tempt you with like those of my gay rival. Instead of spending all your time in amusements, if you enter yourself of my train, you must

ise early, and pass the long day in a variety of employments, some of them difficult, some laborious, and all requiring exertion of body or of mind. You must dress plainly ; live mostly at home ; and aim at being useful rather than shining. But in return, will insure you content, even spirits, self-approbation, and the esteem of all who thoroughly know you. If these offers appear to your young mind less inviting than those of my rival, be assured, however, that they are more real. She has promised much more than she can ever make good. Perpetual pleasures are no more in the power of Dissipation, than of Vice and Folly, to bestow. Her delights quickly pall, and are inevitably succeeded by languor and disgust. She appears to you under a disguise, and what you see is not her real face. For myself, I shall never seem to you less amiable than I now do ; but, on the contrary, you will like me better and better. If I look grave to you now, you will see me cheerful at my work ; and when work is over, I can enjoy every innocent amusement. But I have said enough. It is time for you to choose whom you will follow, and upon that choice all your happiness depends. If you would know my name, it is HOUSEWIFERY."

Melissa heard her with more attention than delight ; and though overawed by her manner, she could not help turning again to take another look at the first speaker. She beheld her still offering her presents with so bewitching an air, that she felt it scarcely possible to resist ; when by a lucky accident, the mask with which Dissipation's face was so artfully covered, fell off. As soon as Melissa beheld, instead of the smiling features of youth and cheerfulness, a countenance wan and ghastly with sickness, and soured by fretfulness, she turned away with horror, and gave her hand unreluctantly to her sober and sincere companion.

SECTION XVI.

The noble basket-maker.

THE Germans of rank and fortune, were merly remarkable for the custom of having sons instructed in some mechanical business which they might be habituated to a spirit of industry ; secured from the miseries of idleness ; qualified, in case of necessity, to support themselves and their families. A striking proof of utility of this custom, occurs in the following narrative. A young German nobleman of great wit and talents, paid his addresses to an accomplished young lady of the Palatinate ; and applied her father for his consent to marry her. The nobleman, amongst other observations, asked " how he expected to maintain his daughter. The young man, surprised at such a question answered, " that his possessions were known to be ample, and as secure as the honours of his family. " All this is very true," replied the father, " you well know, that our country has suffered from wars and devastation ; and that new evils of this nature may sweep away all your estate and render you destitute. To keep you no longer in suspense, (continued the father, with great plainness and affection,) I have seriously resolved not to marry my daughter to any person, who, however may be his honours or property, does not possess some mechanical art, by which he may be able to support her in case of unforeseen event. The young nobleman, deeply affected with his determination, was silent for a few minutes ; and recovering himself, he declared, " that he believed his happiness so much depended on the proposed union, that no difficulty or submissions, could

th his honour, should prevent him from endeavouring to accomplish it." He begged to know whether he might be allowed six months to acquire knowledge of some manual art. The father, eased with the young man's resolution, and affection for his daughter, consented to the proposal; and pledged his honour that the marriage should take place, if, at the expiration of the time limited, it should succeed in his undertaking.

Animated by the tenderest regard, and by a high sense of the happiness he hoped to enjoy, he went immediately into Flanders, engaged himself to a little twig basket-maker, and applied every power of ingenuity and industry to become skilled in the business. He soon obtained a complete knowledge of the art; and, before the expiration of the time proposed, returned, and brought with him, as specimens of his skill, several baskets adapted to fruit, flowers, and needle-work. These were presented to the young lady; and universally admired for the delicacy and perfection of the workmanship. Nothing now remained to prevent the accomplishment of the noble youth's wishes: and the marriage was solemnized to the satisfaction of all parties.

The young couple had lived several years in affluence; and seemed, by their virtues and moderation, to have secured the favours of fortune. But the ravages of war, at length, extended themselves to the Palatinate. Both the families were driven from their country, and their estates forfeited. And now opens a most interesting scene. The young nobleman commenced his trade of basket-making; and by his superiour skill in the art, soon commanded extensive business. For many years, he liberally supported, not only his own family, but also that of the good old nobleman, his father-in-law: and enjoyed the high sat-

isfaction of contributing by his own industry, to the happiness of connections doubly endeared to him by their misfortunes; and who otherwise would have sunk into the miseries of neglect and indigence, sharpened by the remembrance of better days.

CHAPTER III.

DIDACTIC PIECES.

SECTION I.

Tenderness to mothers.

MARK that parent hen, said a father to his beloved son. With what anxious care does she call together her offspring, and cover them with her expanded wings! The kite is hovering in the air, and, disappointed of his prey, may perhaps dart upon the hen herself, and bear her off in his talons.

Does not this sight suggest to you the tenderness and affection of your mother! Her watchful care protected you in the helpless period of infancy, when she nourished you with her milk, taught your limbs to move, and your tongue to lisp its unformed accents. In your childhood, she mourned over your little griefs; rejoiced in your innocent delights; administered to you the healing balm in sickness; and instilled into your mind the love of truth, of virtue, and of wisdom. Oh! cherish every sentiment of respect for such a mother. She merits your warmest gratitude, esteem, and veneration.

PERCIVAL.



SECTION II.

Respect and affection due from pupils to their tutors.

QUINCTILIAN says, that he has included almost all the duty of scholars in this one piece of advice which he gives them ;—to love those who instruct them, as they love the sciences which they study ; and to look upon them as fathers from whom they derive not the life of the body, but that instruction which is in a manner the life of the soul. This sentiment of affection and respect disposes them to apply diligently during the time of their studies ; and preserves in their minds, during the remainder of life, a tender gratitude towards their instructors. It seems to include a great part of what is to be expected from them.

Docility, which consists in readily receiving instructions, and reducing them to practice, is properly the virtue of scholars, as that of masters is to teach well. As it is not sufficient for a labourer to sow the seed, unless the earth, after having opened its bosom to receive it, warms and moistens it ; so the whole fruit of instruction depends upon a good correspondence between masters and scholars.

Gratitude towards those who have faithfully laboured in our education, is an essential virtue, and the mark of a good heart. “ Of those who have been carefully instructed, who is there,” says Cicero, “ that is not delighted with the sight, and even the remembrance of his preceptors, and the very place where he was educated ? ” Seneca exhorts young men to preserve always a great respect for their masters, to whose care they are indebted for the amendment of their faults, and for having imbibed sentiments of honour and probity. Their

exactness and severity sometimes displeases, in a young age when we are not in a condition to judge the obligations we owe them; but when we have ripened our understanding and judgment, we discern that admonitions, reprimands, and a severe exactness in restraining the passions of an impatient and inconsiderate age, far from justifying dislike, demand our esteem and love. M^r Aurelius, one of the wisest and most illustrious emperors that Rome ever had, thanked Heaven for two things especially;—for having had excellent tutors himself; and for having found the blessing for his children.

ROLLI

SECTION III.

On filial piety.

FROM the creatures of God let man learn wisdom, and apply to himself the instruction they give. Go to the desert, my son: observe the young stork of the wilderness; let him speak thy heart. He bears on his wings his aged parent; he lodges him in safety, and supplies him with food.

The piety of a child is sweeter than the incense of Persia offered to the sun; yea, more delicious than odours wafted from a field of Arabian spices by the western gales.

Be grateful to thy father, for he gave thee life, and to thy mother for she sustained thee. Listen to the words of their mouth, for they are spoken in love; thy good; give ear to their admonition, for it proceeds from love.

Thy father has watched for thy welfare, he has toiled for thy ease: do honour, therefore, to him in thy young age, and let not his grey hairs be treated with contempt. Forget not thy helpless infancy

owardness of thy youth ; and bear with the infirmities of thy aged parents : assist and support in the decline of life. So shall their hoary heads go down to the grave in peace : and thy own head, in reverence to thy example, shall repay thee with filial love.

ECONOMY OF HUMAN LIFE.

SECTION IV.

Love between brothers and sisters.

Ye are the children of one father, provided for by his care ; and the breast of one mother gave you suck. Let the bonds of affection, therefore, unite thee with thy brothers and sisters, that peace and happiness may dwell in thy father's house. Remember when you are separated in the world, to revere the relation that binds you to love and unite ; and prefer not a stranger before thy own brother. If thy brother is in adversity, assist him ; if thy sister is in trouble, forsake her not. So shall the fortunes of thy father contribute to the support of the whole race ; and his care be continued to you by your love to each other.

ECONOMY OF HUMAN LIFE.

SECTION V.

Benevolence.

WHEN thou considerest thy wants, when thou findest thy imperfections, acknowledge his goodness, O son of humanity ! who honoured thee with reason ; endued thee with speech ; and admitted thee in society, to receive and confer reciprocal helps and mutual obligations. Thy food, thy clothing, thy convenience of habitation ; thy

protection from the injuries, thy enjoyment of the comforts and the pleasures of life: all these thou owest to the assistance of others, and couldst not enjoy but in the bands of society. It is thy duty therefore, to be a friend to mankind, as it is thine interest that man should be friendly to thee.

Rejoice in the happiness and prosperity of thy neighbour. Open not thy ear to slander; the faults and failings of men give pain to a benevolent heart. Desire to do good, and search out occasions for it; in removing the oppression of another, the virtuous mind relieves itself.

Shut not thine ear against the cries of the poor nor harden thy heart against the calamities of the innocent. When the fatherless call upon thee when the widow's heart is sunk, and she implore thy assistance with tears of sorrow; pity their affliction, and extend thy hand to those who have none to help them. When thou seest the naked wanderer of the street, shivering with cold, and destitute of habitation, let bounty open thy heart let the wings of charity shelter him from death that thy own soul may live. Whilst the poor man groans on the bed of sickness; whilst the unfortunate languish in the horrors of a dungeon; or the hoary head of age lifts up a feeble eye to thee for pity; how canst thou riot in superfluous enjoyments, regardless of their wants, unfeeling of their woes?

ECONOMY OF HUMAN LIFE.

SECTION VI.

Ingratitude to our Supreme Benefactor, is highly culpable

ARTABANES was distinguished with peculiar favour by a wise, powerful, and good prince. His magnificent palace, surrounded with a delightful

arden, was provided for his residence. He partook of all the luxuries of his sovereign's table, was invested with extensive authority, and admitted to the honour of a free intercourse with his gracious master. But Artabanus was insensible of the advantages which he enjoyed ; his heart glowed not with gratitude and respect ; he avoided the society of his benefactor, and abused his bounty. "I detest such a character," said Alexis, with generous indignation !—"It is your own picture which I have drawn," replied Euphronius. "The great Potentate of Heaven and Earth has placed you in a world, which displays the highest beauty, order, and magnificence ; and which abounds with every means of convenience, enjoyment, and happiness. He has furnished you with such powers of body and mind, as give you dominion over the fishes of the sea, the fowls of the air, and the beasts of the field. He has invited you to hold communion with him, and to exalt your own nature, by the love and imitation of his divine perfections. Yet have your eyes wandered, with brutal gaze, over the fair creation, unconscious of the mighty hand from which it sprung. You have rioted in the profusion of nature, without suitable emotions of gratitude to the Sovereign Dispenser of all good ; and you have too often slighted the glorious converse, and forgotten the presence of that Omnipotent Being, who fills all space, and exists through all eternity."

PERCIVAL.

SECTION VII.

Speculation and practice.

A CERTAIN astronomer was contemplating the moon through his telescope, and tracing the extent of her seas, the height of her mountains, and

the number of habitable territories which she contains. "Let him spy what he pleases," said the clown to his companion; "he is not nearer to the moon than we are."

Shall the same observation be made of you, Alexis? Do you surpass others in learning, and yet in goodness remain upon a level with the uninstructed vulgar? Have you so long gazed at the temple of virtue, without advancing one step towards it? Are you smitten with moral beauty, yet regardless of its attainment? Are you a philosopher in theory, but a novice in practice? The partiality of a father inclines me to hope, that the reverse is true. I flatter myself, that by having learned to think, you will be qualified to act; and that the rectitude of your conduct will be adequate to your improvements in knowledge. May the wisdom which is justified in her works, be your guide through life! And may you enjoy all the felicity which flows from a cultivated understanding, pious, and well-regulated affections, and extensive benevolence! In these consists that sovereign good, which ancient sages so much extol, which reason recommends, religion authorize, and God approves.

PERCIVAL.

CHAPTER IV.

DESCRIPTIVE PIECES.

SECTION I.

The Eagle.

THE Golden Eagle is the largest and the noblest of all those birds that have received the name Eagle. It weighs above twelve pounds.

gth is three feet ; the extent of its wings, seven
four inches ; the bill is three inches long, and
deep blue ; and the eye of a hazel colour. In
eral these birds are found in mountainous and
ly inhabited countries ; and breed among the
iest cliffs. They choose those places which
remotest from man, upon whose possessions
y but seldom make their depredations, being
tentet rather to follow the wild game in the
est, than to risk their safety to satisfy their hun-

This fierce animal may be considered among
ls, as the lion among quadrupeds ; and in ma-
respects, they have a strong similitude to each
er. They are both possessed of force, and an
ire over their fellows of the forest. Equally
gnanimous, they disdain small plunder ; and
y pursue animals worthy the conquest. It is
till after having been long provoked, by the
s of the rook or the magpie, that this generous
l thinks fit to punish them with death. The
le also disdains to share the plunder of another
l ; and will take up with no other prey than
which he has acquired by his own pursuits.
w hungry soever he may be, he stoops not to
ion ; and when satiated, never returns to the
e carcass, but leaves it for other animals, more
acious and less delicate than himself. Solita-
like the lion, he keeps the desert to himself
e ; it is as extraordinary to see two pair of ea-
e in the same mountain, as two lions in the
e forest. They keep separate, to find a more
ole supply ; and consider the quantity of their
e as the best proof of their dominion. Nor
s the similitude of these animals stop here :
y have both sparkling eyes, and nearly of the
e colour ; their claws are of the same form,
r breath equally strong, and their cry equally

loud and terrifying. Bred both for war, they enemies of all society ; alike fierce, proud, and capable of being easily tamed.

Of all the feathered tribe, the eagle flies highest ; and from thence the ancients have given the title of *the bird of heaven*. He possesses the sharpest sight ; but his sense of smell, though acute, is inferior to that of a vulture. He never pursues, but when his object is in view ; having seized his prey, he stoops from his height as if to examine its weight, always laying it on the ground before he carries it off. He finds no difficulty in taking up geese and cranes. He carries away hares, lambs, and kids ; and he destroys fawns and calves, to drink their blood and bears a part of their flesh to his retreat. Infants themselves, when left unattended, have been destroyed by these rapacious creatures. An instance is recorded in Scotland, of two children having been carried off by eagles ; but fortunately they received no hurt by the way ; and, the eagle being pursued, the children were found unharmed in the nests, and restored to the affrighted parent.

The eagle is thus at all times a formidable neighbour ; but peculiarly so when bringing its young. It is then that the male and female exert all their force and industry to supply their spring. Smith, in his history of Kerry, relates that a poor man in that country got a comfortable subsistence for his family, during a summer of famine, out of an eagle's nest, by robbing the eagle of food, which was plentifully supplied by the young ones. He protracted their assiduity beyond usual time, by clipping the wings, and retarding the flight of the young ; and very probably, as I have known myself, by so tying them as to increase their cries, which are always found to increase the parent's despatch to procure them



65

vision. It was fortunate, however, that the old eagles did not surprise the countryman thus employed, as their resentment might have been dangerous.

It requires great patience and much art to tame an eagle; and even though taken young, and subdued by long assiduity, yet it is a dangerous domestic, and often turns its force against its master. When brought into the field for the purposes of fowling, the falconer is never sure of its attachment: its innate pride, and love of liberty, still prompt it to regain its native solitudes. Sometimes, however, eagles are brought to have an attachment to their feeder: they are then highly serviceable, and liberally provide for his pleasures and support. When the falconer lets them go from his hand, they play about and hover round him till their game presents, which they see at an immense distance, and pursue with certain destruction.

It is said that the eagle can live many weeks without food; and that the period of its life exceeds a hundred years.

GOLDSMITH.

SECTION II.

The humming-bird.

Of all the birds that flutter in the garden, or paint the landscape, the humming-bird is the most delightful to look upon, and the most inoffensive. Of this charming little animal, there are six or seven varieties, from the size of a small wren, down to that of an humble-bee. A European would not readily suppose that there existed any birds so very small, and yet so completely furnished with a bill, feathers, wings, and intestines, exactly resembling those of the largest kind. Birds

not so big as the end of one's little finger, & probably be supposed mere creatures of imagination, were they not seen in infinite numbers as frequent as butterflies in a summer's day, & flying in the fields of America, from flower to flower and extracting sweets with their little bills.

The smallest humming-bird is about the size of a hazel nut. The feathers on its wings and tail are black; but those on its body, and under its wings are of a greenish brown, with a fine red iridescence, which no silk or velvet can imitate. It has a small crest on its head, green at the bottom as it were gilded at the top; and which sparkles like a little star in the middle of its head. The bill is black, straight, slender, and of the length of a small pin.

It is inconceivable how much these birds add to the high finishing and beauty of a rich luxuriant western landscape. As soon as the sun is up the humming-birds, of different kinds, are fluttering about the flowers, without ever lifting up upon them. Their wings are in such rapid motion, that it is impossible to discern their colour except by their glittering. They are never but continually in motion, visiting flower after flower, and extracting its honey as if with a straw. For this purpose they are furnished with a long tongue, that enters the cup of the flower, and attracts its nectar'd tribute. Upon this alone they subsist. The rapid motion of their wings produces a humming sound, from whence they derive their name; for whatever divides the air swiftly must produce a murmur.

The nests of these birds are also very curious. They are suspended in the air, at the point of a twig of an orange, a pomegranate, or a cherry tree; sometimes even in houses, if a small and convenient twig is found for the purpose. The

le is the architect, while the male goes in quest materials ; such as cotton, fine moss, and the ves of vegetables. Of these materials a nest is nposed, about the size of a hen's egg cut in two ; s admirably contrived, and warmly lined with ton. There are never more than two eggs nd in the nest ; these are about the size of small us, and as white as snow, with here and there a low speck. The male and the female sit upon nest by turns ; but the female takes to herself greatest share. She seldom quits the nest, ept a few minutes in the morning and evening, en the dew is upon the flowers, and their honey perfection. During this short interval, the male es her place. The time of incubation contin- twelve days ; at the end of which the young s appear, much about the size of a blue bottle . They are at first bare ; by degrees they are vered with down ; and, at last, feathers succeed, : less beautiful at first than those of the old ones. Father Labat, in his account of the mission to erica, says, "that his companion found the t of a humming-bird, in a shed near the dwell- house ; and took it in, at a time when the ng ones were about fifteen or twenty days old. placed them in a cage at his chamber window, be amused by their sportive flutterings : but he s much surprised to see the old ones, which came d fed their brood regularly every hour in the y. By this means they themselves grew so ne, that they seldom quitted the chamber ; and, hout any constraint, came to live with their ung ones. All four frequently perched upon ir master's hand, chirping as if they had been at erty abroad. He fed them with a very fine clear ste, made of wine, biscuit, and sugar. They ust their tongues into this paste, till they were isified, and then fluttered and chirped about the

room. I never beheld any thing more agreeable," continues he, "than this lovely little family, which had possession of my companion's chamber, and flew in and out just as they thought proper; but were ever attentive to the voice of their master, when he called them. In this manner they lived with him above six months: but, at a time when he expected to see a new colony formed, he unfortunately forgot to tie up their cage to the ceiling at night, to preserve them from the rats, and he found in the morning, to his great mortification, that they were all devoured." GOLDSMITH.

SECTION III.

The horse.

Of all quadrupeds, the horse appears to be the most beautiful. His fine size, the glossy smoothness of his skin, the graceful ease of his motions, and the exact symmetry of his shape, entitle him to this distinction.

To have an idea of this noble animal in his native simplicity, we are not to look for him in the pastures, or the stables, to which he has been consigned by man; but in those wild and extensive plains where he was originally produced, where he ranges without controul, and riots in all the variety of luxurious nature. In this state of happy independence, he disdains the assistance of man, which tends only to his servitude. In those boundless tracts, whether of Africa, or New Spain, where he runs at liberty, he seems no way incommoded with the inconveniences to which he is subject in Europe. The continual verdure of the fields supplies his wants; and the climate that never knows a winter suits his constitution, which naturally seems adapted to heat.

those countries, the horses are often seen in droves of five or six hundred. As they do not carry on war against any other race of animals, they are satisfied to remain entirely upon the defensive. They have always one among their number that stands as centinel, to give notice of approaching danger; and this office they take turns. If a man approaches them while they are feeding by day, their centinel walks up boldly towards him, as if to examine his strength, or to intimidate him from proceeding; but, as the man approaches within pistol shot, the centinel then shouts it high time to alarm his fellows. This he does by a loud kind of snorting; upon which they make the signal, and fly off with the speed of the wind; their faithful centinel bringing up the

rear of all countries in the world, where the horse runs wild, Arabia produces the most beautiful, the most generous, swift, and persevering. They are found, though not in great numbers, in the deserts of that country; and the natives use every stratagem to take them.

The usual manner in which the Arabians try the swiftness of these animals, is by hunting the ostrich.

The horse is the only animal whose speed is comparable to that of this creature, which is found in sandy plains, that abound in those countries. Instantly the ostrich perceives itself aimed at, and flies to the mountains, while the horseman pursues it with all the swiftness possible, and endeavours to cut off its retreat. The chase then continues over the plain, while the ostrich makes use of its legs and wings to assist its motion. A horse of the first speed is able to outrun it: so that the animal is then obliged to have recourse to art to evade the hunter, by frequently turning. At last, finding all escape hopeless, it hides its

head wherever it can, and tamely suffers itself to be taken. If the horse, in a trial of this kind shows great speed, and is not readily tired, his character is fixed, and he is held in high estimation.

The horses of the Arabians form the principal riches of many of their tribes, who use them both in the chase, and in their expeditions for plunder. They never carry heavy burdens, and are seldom employed on long journeys. They are so tractable and familiar, that they will run from the field to the call of their masters. The Arab, his wife and children, often lie in the same tent with the mare and foal; which, instead of injuring them, suffer the children to rest on their bodies and necks and seem afraid even to move lest they should hurt them. They never beat or correct their horses but treat them with kindness, and even affection. The following anecdote of the compassion and attachment shown by a poor Arabian to one of these animals, will be interesting to every reader. The whole property of this Arab consisted of a very fine beautiful mare. This animal the French consul at Said offered to purchase, with an intention to send her to the king, Louis the Fourteenth. The Arab, pressed by want, hesitated a long time but at length consented, on condition of receiving a very considerable sum of money, which he demanded. The consul wrote to France for permission to close the bargain; and having obtained it, sent the information to the Arab. The man, so poor as to possess only a few rags to cover his body, arrived with his magnificent courser. He dismounted but appeared to be greatly agitated by conflicting emotions. Looking first at the gold, and then at his mare, he heaved a deep sigh, and exclaimed, "To whom is it, I am going to surrender thee? To Europeans! who will tie thee close; who w

at thee ; who will render thee miserable ! Return with me, my beauty, my jewel, and rejoice the hearts of my children !” As he pronounced the last words, he sprung upon her back ; and, in a few moments, was out of sight.

SECTION IV.

The Ouran-Outang.

THE Ape called the Ouran-Outang, approaches in external appearance nearer to the human form than any other brute ; and from this circumstance, it has sometimes obtained the appellation of “ Man of the Woods.” This animal is of different sizes, from three to seven feet. In general, its stature is less than that of a man ; but its strength and agility are much greater. Travellers who have seen various kinds of these animals, in their native solitudes, give surprising relations of their force, their swiftness, their address, and their ferocity. They are found in many parts of Africa, in the East Indies, in Madagascar, and in Borneo. In the last of these places, the people of quality course them as we do the stag ; and this sort of hunting is one of the favourite amusements of the king himself. The skin of the Ouran-Outang is hairy, his eyes are sunk in his head, his countenance is stern, and all his lineaments, though resembling those of man, are harsh, and blackened by the sun. He sleeps under trees, and builds a hut to protect himself against the sun and the rains. When the negroes have left a fire in the woods, he comes near, and warms himself by the blaze. He has not, however, sense and skill sufficient to keep the flame alive by feeding it with fuel. These animals often go together in companies ; and if they happen to meet one of the human species,

remote from succour, they seldom show him
 vour. Sometimes, however, they spare those who
 fall into their hands. A negro boy was carried
 by one of them, and lived with them upwards of
 year. On his escape and return home, he de-
 bed many of them as being larger than men; and
 he said that they never attempted to injure him.
 They frequently attack the elephant; they beat
 him with clubs, and oblige him to leave that part
 the forest which they claim as their own. When
 one of these animals dies, the rest cover the body
 with leaves and branches.

The manners of the Ouran-Outang, when
 confinement, are gentle, and, for the most part,
 harmless, perfectly devoid of that disgusting fer-
 city so conspicuous in some of the larger baboons
 and monkeys. It is mild and docile, and may be
 taught to perform, with dexterity, a variety of en-
 tertaining actions. Vosmaer's account of one of
 these animals, which was brought into Holland in
 the year 1776, and lodged in the menagerie of the
 prince of Orange, is so exceedingly curious, that
 we shall present the reader with an extract from
 it.

"This animal showed no symptoms of fieri-
 ness and malignity. It was fond of being in com-
 pany, and appeared to be very sensible of the
 kindness of those who had the care of it. Often
 when they retired, it would throw itself on the
 ground, as if in despair, uttering lamentable cries
 and tearing in pieces the linen within its reach.
 Its keeper having been accustomed to sit near
 on the ground, it frequently took the hay of the
 bed, and laid it by its side, and seemed by all
 actions to invite him to be seated nearer. Its us-
 al manner of walking was on all fours, but it could
 also walk on its two hind-feet only. It eat almost
 every thing that was given to it; but its chief food

as bread, roots, and all sorts of fruit, especially rawberries. When presented with strawberries on a plate, it was extremely pleasant to see the animal take them up, one by one, with a fork, and put them into its mouth, holding at the same time the plate in the other hand. Its common drink was water; but it also very willingly drank all sorts of wine, and particularly Malaga. After drinking, it wiped its lips; and after eating, if presented with a toothpick, it would use it in a proper manner. On shipboard it ran freely about the vessel, played with the sailors, and went, like a man, into the kitchen for its mess. At the approach of night, it lay down to sleep, and prepared its bed, by shaking well the hay on which it slept, and putting it in proper order. It would also carefully draw up the coverlet. This animal lived only seven months after it had been brought into Holland."

The Ouran-Outang described by Buffon, exhibited a still greater degree of sagacity. It walked upon two legs, even when it carried burthens. Its air was melancholy, and its deportment grave. Unlike the baboon and the monkey, whose motions are violent and appetites capricious, whose fondness for mischief is remarkable, and whose obedience proceeds only from fear, this animal was slow in its motions, and a look was sufficient to keep it in awe. I have seen it says Buffon, give its hand to show the company to the door; I have seen it sit at table, unfold its napkin, wipe its lips, make use of a spoon and the fork to carry victuals to its mouth; pour out its drink into a glass, and touch glasses when invited; take a cup and saucer, lay them on the table, put in sugar, pour out its tea, leave it to cool, and then drink it. All this it would do without any other instigation than the signs or commands of its master, and often of its

remote from succour, they seldom show his favour. Sometimes, however, they spare those who fall into their hands. A negro boy was carried off by one of them, and lived with them upward of a year. On his escape and return home, he described many of them as being larger than men. He said that they never attempted to injure him. They frequently attack the elephant; they drive him with clubs, and oblige him to leave that part of the forest which they claim as their own. When one of these animals dies, the rest cover the body with leaves and branches.

The manners of the Ouran-Outang, when in confinement, are gentle, and, for the most part, harmless, perfectly devoid of that disgusting city so conspicuous in some of the larger bears and monkeys. It is mild and docile, and much taught to perform, with dexterity, a variety of entertaining actions. Vosmaer's account of one of these animals, which was brought into Holland the year 1776, and lodged in the menagerie of the prince of Orange, is so exceedingly curious, we shall present the reader with an extract from it.

"This animal showed no symptoms of fierceness and malignity. It was fond of being in company, and appeared to be very sensible of the kindness of those who had the care of it. When they retired, it would throw itself on the ground, as if in despair, uttering lamentable cries, and tearing in pieces the linen within its reach. Its keeper having been accustomed to sit near it on the ground, it frequently took the hay from his bed, and laid it by its side, and seemed by these actions to invite him to be seated nearer. Its natural manner of walking was on all fours, but it could also walk on its two hind-feet only. It ate almost every thing that was given to it; but its chief

id, roots, and all sorts of fruit, especially berries. When presented with strawberries ate, it was extremely pleasant to see the take them up, one by one, with a fork, and n into its mouth, holding at the same time e in the other hand. Its common drink ter; but it also very willingly drank all wine, and particularly Malaga. After , it wiped its lips; and after eating, if d with a toothpick, it would use it in a manner. On shipboard it ran freely about el, played with the sailors, and went, like nto the kitchen for its mess. At the ap- of night, it lay down to sleep, and pre- s bed, by shaking well the hay on which and putting it in proper order. It would refully draw up the coverlet. This anied only seven months after it had been into Holland."

Ouran-Outang described by Buffon, ex- a still greater degree of sagacity. It walk- n two legs, even when it carried burthens. was melancholy, and its deportment grave. he baboon and the monkey, whose motions ent and appetites capricious, whose fond- mischief is remarkable, and whose obedi- oceeds only from fear, this animal was slow otions, and a look was sufficient to keep it in . have seen it says Buffon, give its hand to e company to the door; I have seen it sit at nfold its napkin, wipe its lips, make use of on and the fork to carry victuals to its ; pour out its drink into a glass, and touch when invited; take a cup and saucer, lay n the table, put in sugar, pour out its tea, t to cool, and then drink it. All this it do without any other instigation than the r commands of its master, and often of its

own accord. It was gentle and inoffensive: even approached strangers with respect; and can rather to receive caresses than to offer injury. It was particularly fond of comfits, which every body was ready to give it; but as it had a disposition upon the breast, so much sugar contributed to increase the disorder, and to shorten its life. It continued at Paris but one summer, and died in London.

We are told by Pyrard, that the Ouran-Outan are found at Sierra Leona; where they are strong and well formed, and so industrious, that, when properly trained and fed, they work like servants; that, when ordered, they pound any substance in a mortar; and that they are frequently sent to fetch water, in small pitchers, from the river. After filling the pitchers, they carry them on their heads to the door of the dwelling; but if they are not soon taken off, the animals suffer them to fall to the ground. When they perceive the pitcher to be overturned and broken, they utter loud lamentations.

The form and organs of this animal bear so much a resemblance to those of men, that we are surprised to find them productive of so few advantages. The tongue, and all the organs of the voice are similar, and yet the animal is dumb; the brain is formed in the same manner as that of man, and yet the creature wants reason: an evident proof, as Buffon finely observes, that no arrangement of matter will give mind; and that the body, however nicely soever formed, is formed to very limited ends, when there is not infused a soul to direct its operations.

SECTION V.

The four seasons.

WHO is this beautiful virgin that approaches, clothed in a robe of light green? She has a garland of flowers on her head, and flowers spring up wherever she sets her foot. The snow which covered the fields, and the ice which was in the rivers, melt away when she breathes upon them. The young lambs frisk about her, and the birds warble in their little throats to welcome her coming; and when they see her, they begin to choose their mates, and to build their nests. Youths and maidens, have you seen this beautiful virgin? If you have, tell me who is she, and what is her name.

WHO is this that comes from the south, thinly clad in a light transparent garment? her breath is hot and sultry; she seeks the refreshment of the cool shade; she seeks the clear streams, the crystal brooks, to bathe her languid limbs. The brooks and rivulets fly from her, and are dried up at her approach. She cools her parched lips with berries, and the grateful acid of fruits; the seedy melon, the sharp apple, and the red pulp of the juicy cherry, which are poured out plentifully around her. The tanned haymakers welcome her coming; and the sheepshearer, who clips the fleeces of his flock with his sounding shears. When she comes, let me lie under the thick shade of a spreading beech tree;—let me walk with her in the early morning, when the dew is yet upon the grass;—let me wander with her in the soft twilight, when the shepherd shuts his fold, and the star of evening appears. Who is she that comes from the south? Youths and maidens, tell me if you know, who is she, and what is her name.

Who is he that comes with sober pace,
 upon us unawares? His garments are red
 with blood of the grape, and his temples are bound
 with a sheaf of ripe wheat. His hair is thin and
 to fall, and the auburn is mixed with
 grey. He shakes the brown nuts from the
 horn. He winds the horn, and calls the hunters
 to sports. The gun sounds. The trembling
 quail and the beautiful pheasant flutter,
 and fall dead at the sportsman's
 hand. Who is he that is crowned with the wheat
 sheaf? Youths and maidens, tell me, if you know,
 who he is, and what is his name.

Who is he that comes from the north,
 in furs and warm wool? He wraps his cloak
 about him. His head is bald; his beard
 is of sharp icicles. He loves the blazing fire
 piled upon the hearth. He binds skates
 to his feet, and skims over the frozen lakes. His
 breath is piercing and cold, and no little flower
 can peep above the surface of the ground, with-
 out his by. Whatever he touches turns to ice.
 Were he to strike you with his cold hand, you
 would be quite stiff and dead, like a piece of
 wood. Youths and maidens, do you see him
 coming fast upon us, and soon he will be
 here. Tell me, if you know, who is he, and what
 is his name.

BARBARA

SECTION VI.

Divine Providence

THE glorious sun is set in the west; the
 dews fall; and the air which was sultry, is
 cool. The flowers fold up their coloured
 petals, and they fold themselves up, and hang their
 heads.



ender stalk. The chickens are gathered
the wing of the hen, and are at rest : the
herself is at rest also. The little birds have
l their warbling ; they are asleep on the
is, each one with his head behind his wing.
: is no murmur of bees around the hive, or
gst the honeyed woodbines ; they have done
work, and they lie close in their waxen cells.
heep rest upon their soft fleeces, and their
bleating is no more heard amongst the hills.
is no sound of a number of voices, or of chil-
at play, or the trampling of busy feet, and of
e hurrying to and fro. The smith's ham-
s not heard upon the anvil ; nor the harsh
f the carpenter. All men are stretched on
quiet beds ; and the child sleeps upon the
of its mother. Darkness is spread over the
and darkness is upon the ground : every eye
t, and every hand is still.

no takes care of all people when they are
in sleep ; when they cannot defend them-
, nor see if danger approaches ?—There is
e that never sleeps ; there is an eye that sees
rk night, as well as in the bright sunshine.
there is no light of the sun, nor of the
; when there is no lamp in the house, nor
tle star twinkling through the thick clouds ;
ye sees every where, in all places, and watch-
tinually over all the families of the earth.
eye that sleeps not is God's ; his hand is al-
stretched out over us. He made sleep to re-
us when we are weary : he made night, that
ight sleep in quiet. As the mother moves
the house with her finger on her lips, and
every little noise, that her infant be not dis-
d ; as she draws the curtains around its bed,
huts out the light from its tender eyes ; so
draws the curtains of darkness around us ; so



he makes all things to be hushed and still, that his large family may sleep in peace.

Labourers spent with toil, and young children, and every little humming insect, sleep quietly, for God watches over you. You may sleep, for he never sleeps: you may close your eyes in safety, for his eye is always open to protect you.

When the darkness is passed away, and the beams of the morning sun strike through your eyelids, begin the day with praising God, who has taken care of you through the night. Flowers, when you open again, spread your leaves, and smell sweet to his praise! Birds, when you awake, warble your thanks amongst the green boughs! sing to him before you sing to your mates! Let his praise be in our hearts, when we lie down; let his praise be on our lips, when we awake.

BARBAULD.

SECTION VII.

Health.

Who is she that with graceful steps, and with a lively air, trips over yonder plain?

The rose blushes on her cheeks; the sweetness of the morning breathes from her lips; joy tempered with innocence and modesty, sparkles in her eyes; and the cheerfulness of her heart appears in all her movements. Her name is Health: she is the daughter of Exercise and Temperance. Their sons inhabit the mountains and the plain. They are brave, active and lively, and partake of all the beauties and virtues of their sister. Vigour strings their nerves, strength dwells in their bones, and labour is their delight all the day long. The employments of their father excite their appetites; and the repasts of their mother refresh them. To

combat the passions, is their delight ; to conquer evil habits, their glory. Their pleasures are moderate, and therefore they endure ; their repose is short, but sound and undisturbed. Their blood is pure ; their minds are serene ; and the physician does not find the way to their habitations.

ECONOMY OF HUMAN LIFE.

SECTION VIII.

Charity.

HAPPY is the man who has sown in his breast the seeds of charity and love ! From the fountain of his heart rise rivers of goodness ; and the streams overflow for the benefit of mankind. He assists the poor in their trouble ; he rejoices in promoting the welfare of all men. He does not harshly censure his neighbour ; he believes not the tales of envy and malevolence, nor repeats their slanders. He forgives the injuries of men ; he wipes them from his remembrance : revenge and malice have no place in his heart. For evil he returns not evil : He hates not even his enemies ; but requites their injustice with friendly admonition. The griefs and anxieties of men excite his compassion : he endeavours to alleviate the weight of their misfortunes ; and the pleasure of success rewards his labour. He calms the fury, he heals the quarrels of angry men ; and prevents the mischiefs of strife and animosity. He promotes in his neighbourhood peace and good will ; and his name is repeated with praise and benedictions.

ECONOMY OF HUMAN LIFE.

SECTION IX.

Gratitude.

As the branches of a tree return their sap to the root, from whence it arose; as a river pours its streams to the sea, whence its spring was supplied; so the heart of a grateful man delights in returning a benefit received. He acknowledges his obligation with cheerfulness; he looks on his benefactor with love and esteem. And if to return a favour be not in his power, he cherishes the remembrance of it through life.

The hand of the generous man is like the clouds of heaven, which drop upon the earth, fruits, herbage, and flowers: but the heart of the ungrateful is like a desert of sand, which swallows with greediness the showers that fall, buries them in its bosom, and produces nothing.

The grateful mind envies not its benefactor, nor strives to conceal the benefit he has conferred. Though to oblige is better than to be obliged; though the act of generosity commands admiration; yet the humility of gratitude touches the heart, and is amiable in the sight both of God and man.

ECONOMY OF HUMAN LIFE.

SECTION X.

Mortality.

CHILD of mortality, whence comest thou? why is thy countenance sad, and why are thy eyes red with weeping?—I have seen the rose in its beauty; it spread its leaves to the morning sun. I returned: it was dying upon its stalk: the grace of the

form of it was gone; its loveliness was vanished away; its leaves were scattered on the ground and no one gathered them again.

A stately tree grew on the plain; its branches were covered with verdure; its boughs spread wide, and made a goodly shadow; the trunk like a strong pillar; the roots were like broad fangs. I returned; the verdure was nipt by east wind; the branches were lopt away by axe; the worm had made its way into the trunk and the heart thereof was decayed; it mouldered away, and fell to the ground.

I have seen the insects sporting in the sunshine and darting along the streams; their wings gilded with gold and purple; their bodies shining like the green emerald: they were more numerous than I could count; their motions were quicker than my eye could glance. I returned: they were brushed into the pool; they were perished with the evening breeze; the swallow had devoured them; the pike had seized them: there was none found of so great a multitude.

I have seen man in the pride of his strength; his cheeks glowed with beauty; his limbs were of activity; he leaped; he walked; he ran; he rejoiced in that he was more excellent than the brute. I returned; he lay stiff and cold on the ground; his feet could no longer move, nor his hands stretch themselves out; his life was depredated from him; and the breath out of his nostrils. Therefore do I weep because DEATH is in the world; the spoiler is among the works of God; all that is made, must be destroyed; all that is born, must die; let me alone, for I will weep no longer.

BARBAULE

SECTION XI.

Immortality.

I HAVE seen the flower withering on the stalk, and its bright leaves spread on the ground.—I looked again:—it sprung forth afresh: its stem was crowned with new buds, and its sweetness filled the air.

I have seen the sun set in the west, and the shades of night shut in the wide horizon: there was no colour, nor shape, nor beauty, nor music: gloom and darkness brooded around.—I looked: the sun broke forth again from the east, and gilded the mountain tops; the lark rose to meet him from her low nest, and the shades of darkness fled away.

I have seen the insect, being come to its full size, languish, and refuse to eat: it spun itself a tomb, and was shrouded in the silken cone; it lay without feet, or shape, or power to move.—I looked again: it had burst its tomb; it was full of life, and sailed on coloured wings through the soft air; it rejoiced in its new being.

Thus shall it be with thee, O man! and so shall thy life be renewed. Beauty shall spring up out of ashes, and life out of the dust. A little while shalt thou lie in the ground, as the seed lies in the bosom of the earth: but thou shalt be raised again; and thou shalt never die any more.

Who is he that comes, to burst open the prison doors of the tomb; to bid the dead awake; and to gather his redeemed from the four wings of heaven? He descends on a fiery cloud; the sound of a trumpet goes before him; thousands of angels are on his right hand.—It is Jesus, the Son of God; the saviour of men; the friend of the good.



83

es in the glory of his Father ; he has re-
power from on high.

n not, therefore, child of immortality ! for
ler, the cruel spoiler, that laid waste the
f God, is subdued. Jesus has conquered
—child of immortality ! mourn no longer.

BARBAULD.

SECTION XII.

Heaven.

rose is sweet, but it is surrounded with
the lily of the valley is fragrant, but it
up amongst the brambles. The spring is
t, but it is soon past : the summer is bright,
winter destroys its beauty. The rainbow
glorious, but it soon vanishes away : life is
ut it is quickly swallowed up in death.

e is a land, where the roses are without
where the flowers are not mixed with
es. In that land, there is eternal spring,
ht without any cloud. The tree of life
n the midst thereof ; rivers of pleasure are
and flowers that never fade. Myriads of
spirits are there, and surround the throne
with a perpetual hymn. The angels with
olden harps sing praises continually, and
erubim fly on wings of fire !—This country
en : it is the country of those that are good :
othing that is wicked must inhabit there.
ad must not spit its venom amongst turtle-
nor the poisonous henbane grow amongst
flowers. Neither must any one that does
er into that good land.

s earth is pleasant, for it is God's earth, and
led with many delightful things. But that
y is far better : there we shall not grieve

any more, nor be sick any more, nor do we any more ; there the cold or winter shall not visit us, nor the heats of summer scorch us. In that country there are no wars nor quarrels, but dearly love one another.

When our parents and friends die, and are in the cold ground, we see them here no more but there we shall embrace them again, and live with them, and be separated no more. There we shall meet all good men, whom we read of in holy books. There we shall see Abraham, called of God, the father of the faithful ; Moses, after his long wanderings in the Aral desert ; and Elijah, the prophet of God ; and Elisha, who escaped the lions' den ; and there the father of Jesse, the shepherd king, the sweet singer of Israel. They loved God on earth ; they praised him on earth ; but in that country they will praise him better, and love him more.

There we shall see Jesus, who is gone before us to that happy place ; and there we shall behold the glory of the high God. We cannot see him here, but we will love him here. We must now on earth, but we will often think on heaven. That happy land is our home ; we are to be there but for a little while, and there for ever, even eternal ages.

BARBAULI

CHAPTER V.

DIALOGUES.

SECTION I.

CANUTE AND HIS COURTIER.

Flattery reproved.

CANUTE.

Is it true, my friends, as you have often told me,
that I am the greatest of monarchs?

OFFA.

It is true, my liege; you are the most powerful
of all kings.

OSWALD.

We are all your slaves; we kiss the dust of your
feet.

OFFA.

Not only we, but even the elements, are your
res. The land obeys you from shore to shore;
the sea obeys you.

CANUTE.

Does the sea, with its loud boisterous waves,
obey me? Will that terrible element be still at my
command?

OFFA.

Yes, the sea is yours; it was made to bear your
weight upon its bottom, and to pour the treasures of
the world at your royal feet. It is boisterous to
your enemies, but it knows you to be its sovereign.

CANUTE.

Is not the tide coming up?

H

OSWALD.

Yes, my liege; you may perceive the sea already.

CANUTE.

Bring me a chair then; set it here upon sands.

OFFA.

Where the tide is coming up, my gracious lord

CANUTE.

Yes, set it just here.

OSWALD. (*Aside.*)

I wonder what he is going to do!

OFFA. (*Aside.*)

Surely he is not so silly as to believe us!

CANUTE.

O mighty Ocean! thou art my subject; courtiers tell me so; and it is thy duty to obey me. Thus, then, I stretch my sceptre over thee and command thee to retire. Roll back thy swelling waves, nor let them presume to wet the feet of me, thy royal master.

OSWALD. (*Aside.*)

I believe the sea will pay very little regard to his royal commands.

OFFA.

See how fast the tide rises!

OSWALD.

The next wave will come up to the chair. If folly to stay, we shall be covered with salt water.

CANUTE.

Well, does the sea obey my commands? If I be my subject, it is a very rebellious subject. Now it swells, and dashes the angry foam and spray over my sacred person! Vile sycophants, did you think I was the dupe of your base flattery that I believed your abject flatteries? Know, that I am but one Being whom the sea will obey. I am Sovereign of heaven and earth, King of kings,

lord of lords. It is only he who can say to the ocean, "Thus far shalt thou go, but no farther, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed." A king is but a man; and a man is but a worm. Shall a worm assume the power of the great God, and think the elements will obey him?—May kings learn to be humble from my example, and courtiers learn truth from your disgrace!

DR. AIKIN.

SECTION II.

THE TWO ROBBERS.

We often condemn in others what we practice ourselves.

ALEXANDER *the Great in his tent. A man with a fierce countenance, chained and fettered, brought before him.*

ALEXANDER.

What, art thou the Thracian robber, of whose exploits I have heard so much?

ROBBER.

I am a Thracian, and a soldier.

ALEXANDER.

A Soldier!—a thief, a plunderer, an assassin; the pest of the country! I could honour thy courage, but I must detest and punish thy crimes.

ROBBER.

What have I done, of which you can complain?

ALEXANDER.

Hast thou not set at defiance my authority; violated the public peace, and passed thy life in injuring the persons and properties of thy fellow subjects?

ROBBER.

Alexander! I am your captive—I must
what you please to say, and endure what
please to inflict. But my soul is unconquered
and if I reply at all to your reproaches, I w
ply like a free man.

ALEXANDER.

Speak freely. Far be it from me to tak
advantage of my power, to silence those
whom I deign to converse!

ROBBER.

I must then answer your question by an
How have you passed your life?

ALEXANDER.

Like a hero. Ask Fame, and she will tel
Among the brave, I have been the bravest: a
sovereigns, the noblest: among conqueror
mightiest.

ROBBER.

And does not Fame speak of me, too?
there ever a bolder captain of a more valiant
Was there ever—But I scorn to boast. You
self know that I have not been easily subdued

ALEXANDER.

Still what are you but a robber—a base
honest robber!

ROBBER.

And what is a conqueror! Have not you
gone about the earth like an evil genius, bl
the fair fruits of peace and industry; plund
ravaging, killing, without law, without ju
merely to gratify an insatiable lust for dom
All that I have done to a single district with
dred followers, you have done to whole a
with a hundred thousand. If I have stripp
dividuals, you have ruined kings and prince
I have burned a few hamlets, you have des
the most flourishing kingdoms and cities

earth. What is then the difference, but that as you were born a king, and I a private man, you have been able to become a mightier robber than I?

ALEXANDER.

But if I have taken like a king, I have given like a king. If I have subverted empires, I have founded greater. I have cherished arts, commerce, and philosophy.

ROBBER.

I, too, have freely given to the poor, what I took from the rich. I have established order and discipline among the most ferocious of mankind; and have stretched out my protecting arm over the oppressed. I know, indeed, little of the philosophy you talk of; but I believe neither you nor I shall ever atone to the world, for the mischiefs we have done it.

ALEXANDER.

Leave me—Take off his chains, and use him well.—Are we then so much alike?—Alexander to a robber?—Let me reflect.

DR. AIKIN.

SECTION III.

A FAMILY CONVERSATION.

On the slavery of the negroes.

AUGUSTA.

My dear papa, you once informed me that in the West-Indies, all laborious operations were performed by negro slaves. Are those islands inhabited by negroes? I thought these people were natives of Africa.

FATHER.

You are right, my dear; they are, indeed, natives of Africa; but they have been snatched, by the hand of violence, from their country, friends, and connexions. I am ashamed to confess, that

many ships are annually sent from different parts of England, to the coast of Guinea, to procure slaves from that unhappy country, for the use of our West-India islands, where they are sold to the planters of sugar plantations; and afterwards employed in the hardest and most servile occupations; and pass the rest of their lives in slavery and wretchedness.

SOPHIA.

How much my heart feels for them! How agonizing must it be, to be separated from one's nearest relations; parents perhaps divided from their children for ever; husbands from their wives; brothers and sisters obliged to bid each other a final farewell!—But why do the kings of the African states suffer their subjects to be so cruelly treated.

MOTHER.

Many causes have operated to induce the African princes to become assistants in this infamous traffic: and instead of being the defenders of their harmless people, they have frequently betrayed them to their most cruel enemies. The Europeans have corrupted these ignorant rulers, by presents of rum, and other spirituous liquors, of which they are immoderately fond. They have fomented jealousies, and excited wars, amongst them merely for the sake of obtaining the prisoners of war for slaves. Frequently they use no ceremony but go on shore in the night, set fire to a neighbouring village, and seize upon all the unhappy victims, who run out to escape the flames.

CECILIA.

What hardened hearts do the captains of those ships possess! They must have become extremely cruel, before they would undertake such an employment.

MOTHER.

There is reason to believe that most of them, by the habits of such a life, are become deaf to

voice of pity : we must, however, compassionate the situation of those, whose parents have early bred them to this profession, before they were of an age to choose a different employment. But to resume the subject of the negroes. What I have related, is only the beginning of their sorrows. When they are put on board the ships, they are crowded together in the hold, where many of them die for want of air and room. There have been frequent instances of their throwing themselves into the sea, when they could find an opportunity, and seeking in death a refuge from their calamity. As soon as they arrive in the West-Indies, they are carried to a public market, where they are sold to the best bidder, like horses at our fairs. Their future lot depends much upon the disposition of the master, into whose hands they happen to fall ; for, among the overseers of sugar-plantations, there are some men of feeling and humanity : but too generally the treatment of the poor negroes is very severe. Accustomed to an easy, indolent life, in the luxurious and plentiful country of Africa, they find great hardship from the transition to a life of severe labour, without any mixture of indulgence to soften it. Deprived of the hope of amending their condition, by any course of conduct they can pursue, they frequently abandon themselves to despair ; and die, in what is called the seasoning, which is becoming inured by length of time to their situation. They who have less sensibility, and stronger constitutions, survive their complicated misery but a few years : for it is generally acknowledged, that they seldom attain the full period of human life.

AUGUSTA.

Humanity shudders at your account ! But I have heard a gentleman, who had lived many years abroad, say, that negroes were not much

superiour to the brutes ; and that they were so stupid and stubborn, that nothing but stripes and severity could have any influence over them.

FATHER.

That gentleman was most probably interested in misleading those with whom he conversed. People, who reason in that manner, do not consider the disadvantages which the poor negroes suffer, from want of cultivation. Leading an ignorant savage life in their own country, they can have acquired no previous information : and when they fall into the hands of their cruel oppressors, a life of laborious servitude, which scarcely affords them sufficient time for sleep, deprives them of every opportunity of improving their minds. There is no reason to suppose that they differ from us in any thing but colour ; which distinction arises from the intense heat of their climate. There have been instances of a few, whose situation has been favourable to improvement, who have shown strong powers of mind. Those masters, who neglect the religious and moral instruction of their slaves add a heavy load of guilt to that already incurred by their share in this unjust and inhuman traffic.

CHARLES.

My indignation rises at this recital. Why does not the British parliament exert its power, to avenge the wrongs of these oppressed Africans ? What can prevent an act being passed to forbid Englishmen from buying and selling slaves ?

FATHER.

Many persons of great talents and virtue, have made several fruitless attempts to obtain an act for the abolition of this trade. Men interested in its continuance have hitherto frustrated these generous designs ; but we may rely upon the goodness of that Divine Providence, who cares for all creatures, that the day will come, when their rights will be

considered : and there is great reason to hope, from the light already cast upon the subject, that the rising generation will prefer justice and mercy, to interest and policy ; and will free themselves from the odium we at present suffer, of treating our fellow-creatures in a manner unworthy of them, and of ourselves.

MOTHER.

Henry, repeat that beautiful apostrophe to a Negro woman, which you learned the other day out of Barbauld's Hymns.

HENRY.

" Negro woman, who sittest pining in captivity, and weepest over thy sick child, though no one sees thee, God sees thee ; though no one pities thee, God pities thee. Raise thy voice, forlorn and abandoned one ; call upon him from amidst thy bonds, for assuredly he will hear thee."

CECILIA.

I think no riches could tempt me to have any share in the slave-trade. I could never enjoy peace of mind, whilst I thought I contributed to the woes of my fellow-creatures.

MOTHER.

But, Cecilia, to put your compassion to the proof ; are you willing to debar yourself of the numerous indulgences you enjoy, from the fruit of their labour ?

CECILIA.

I would forego any indulgence to alleviate their sufferings.

The rest of the children together.

We are all of the same mind.

MOTHER.

I admire the sensibility of your uncorrupted hearts, my dear children. It is the voice of nature and virtue. Listen to it on all occasions, and bring it home to your bosoms, and your daily prac-

superiour to the brutes ; and that they were so stupid and stubborn, that nothing but stripes and severity could have any influence over them.

FATHER.

That gentleman was most probably interested in misleading those with whom he conversed. People, who reason in that manner, do not consider the disadvantages which the poor negroes suffer, from want of cultivation. Leading an ignorant savage life in their own country, they can have acquired no previous information : and when they fall into the hands of their cruel oppressors, a life of laborious servitude, which scarcely affords them sufficient time for sleep, deprives them of every opportunity of improving their minds. There is no reason to suppose that they differ from us in any thing but colour ; which distinction arises from the intense heat of their climate. There have been instances of a few, whose situation has been favourable to improvement, who have shown strong powers of mind. Those masters, who neglect the religious and moral instruction of their slaves, add a heavy load of guilt to that already incurred, by their share in this unjust and inhuman traffic.

CHARLES.

My indignation rises at this recital. Why does not the British parliament exert its power, to avenge the wrongs of these oppressed Africans ? What can prevent an act being passed to forbid Englishmen from buying and selling slaves ?

FATHER.

Many persons of great talents and virtue, have made several fruitless attempts to obtain an act for the abolition of this trade. Men interested in its continuance have hitherto frustrated these generous designs ; but we may rely upon the goodness of that Divine Providence, who cares for all creatures, *that the day will come, when their rights will be*

lered: and there is great reason to hope, the light already cast upon the subject, that a new generation will prefer justice and mercy, over interest and policy; and will free themselves from the odium we at present suffer, of treating fellow-creatures in a manner unworthy of ourselves.

MOTHER.

Henry, repeat that beautiful apostrophe to a woman, which you learned the other day from Barbauld's Hymns.

HENRY.

Negro woman, who sittest pining in captivity, weepest over thy sick child, though no one sees thee, God sees thee; though no one pities thee, God pities thee. Raise thy voice, forlorn abandoned one; call upon him from amidst bonds, for assuredly he will hear thee."

CECILIA.

I think no bribes could tempt me to have any part in the slave-trade. I could never enjoy peace of mind, whilst I thought I contributed to the misery of my fellow-creatures.

MOTHER.

But, Cecilia, to put your compassion to the test; are you willing to debar yourself of the numerous indulgences you enjoy, from the fruit of your labour?

CECILIA.

I would forego any indulgence to alleviate their sufferings.

The rest of the children together.

We are all of the same mind.

MOTHER.

I admire the sensibility of your uncorrupted minds, my dear children. It is the voice of nature and virtue. Listen to it on all occasions, and let it come to your bosoms, and your daily practice.

ties. The same principle of benevolence, which excites your just indignation at the oppression of the negroes, will lead you to be gentle towards your inferiors, kind and obliging to your equals, and in a particular manner condescending and considerate towards your domestics ; requiring no more of them than you would be willing to perform in their situation ; instructing them when you have opportunity ; sympathizing in their afflictions, and promoting their best interests to the utmost of your power.

P. WAKEFIELD

SECTION IV.

The Father redeemed from slavery by his son.

A YOUNG man, named Robert, was sitting alone in his boat, in the harbour of Marseilles. A stranger stepped in, and took his seat near him but quickly rose again ; observing, that, since the master was not present, he would take another boat. " This, sir, is mine," said Robert : " would you sail without the harbour ?"—" I meant only to move about in the basin, and enjoy the coolness of this fine evening. But I cannot believe you are a sailor."—" Nor am I : yet on holidays, I act the bargeman, with a view to make up a shilling."—" What ! covetous at your age ! your looks have almost prepossessed me in your favour."—" Alas sir, did you know my situation, you would not blame me."—" Well ; perhaps I am mistaken. Let us take our little cruise of pleasure ; and acquaint me with your history."

The stranger having resumed his seat, the dialogue, after a short pause, proceeded thus. " Perceive, young man, you are sad. What grieves you thus ?"—" My father, sir, groans in fetters and I cannot ransom him. He earned a livelihood

my petty brokerage ; but, in an evil hour, embarked for Smyrna, to superintend in person the delivery of a cargo, in which he had a concern. The vessel was captured by a Barbary corsair ; and my father was conducted to Tetuan, where he is now a slave. They refused to release him for less than two thousand crowns, a sum which far exceeds our scanty means. However, we do our best. My mother and sisters work day and night. I ply hard at my stated occupation of a journeyman jeweller ; and, as you perceive, make the most I can of holidays. I had resolved to put myself in my father's stead ; but my mother, apprized of my design, and dreading the double privation of a husband and an only son, requested the Levant captains to refuse me a passage."—" Pray, do you ever hear from your father ? Under what name does he pass ? or what is his master's address ?"—" His master is overseer of the royal gardens at Fez ; and my father's name is Robert at Tetuan, as at Marseilles."—" Robert, overseer of the royal gardens ?"—" Yes sir."—" I am touched with your misfortunes ; but venture to predict their termination."

Night drew on apace. The stranger, upon landing, thrust into young Robert's hand a purse containing eight double louis d'or, with ten crowns in silver, and instantly disappeared.

Six weeks passed after this adventure ; and each returning sun bore witness to the unremitting exertions of the good family. As they sat one day at their unsavoury meal of bread and dried almonds, old Robert entered the apartment, in a garb little suited to a fugitive prisoner ; tenderly embraced his wife and children, and thanked them, with tears of gratitude, for the fifty louis they had caused to be remitted to him on his sailing from Tetuan, for his free passage, and a comfortable

supply of wearing apparel. His astonished relatives eyed one another in silence. At length, the mother, suspecting that her son had secretly conceived the whole plan, recounted the various instances of his zeal and affection. "Six thousand livres," continued she, "is the sum we wanted; and we had already procured somewhat more than half, owing chiefly to his industry. Some friends, no doubt, have assisted him upon an emergency like the present." A gloomy suggestion crossed the father's mind. Turning suddenly to his son, and eyeing him with the sternness of distraction, "O fortunate boy," exclaimed he, "what have you done? How can I be indebted to you for my freedom, and not regret it? How could you purchase my ransom, without your mother's knowledge, unless at the expence of virtue? I tremble at the thought of filial affection having betrayed you into guilt. Tell the truth at once, whatever may be the consequence."—"Calm your apprehensions, my dearest father," cried the son, embracing him. "No, I am not unworthy of such a parent, though fortune has denied me the satisfaction of proving the full strength of my attachment. I am your deliverer: but I know who is. Recommend me to your mother, the unknown gentleman, who gave me the purse. He was particular in his inquiries. Should I pass my life in the pursuit, I must endeavour to meet with him, and invite him to contemplate the fruits of his beneficence." He then related to his father all that passed in the pleasure boat, and removed every distressing suspicion.

Restored to the bosom of his family, the son again partook of their joys, prospered in his engagements, and saw his children comfortably established. Some time afterwards, on a Sunday morning, the son was walking on the quay, he discovered his benefactor, clasped his knees, and entre-



97

his guardian angel, as the preserver of a
and a family, to share the happiness he had
e means of producing. The stranger again
ared in the crowd—but, reader, this stran-
s Montesquieu. MUIRHEAD'S TRAVELS.

SECTION V.

THE TUTOR AND HIS PUPILS.

yes and no eyes ; or, the art of seeing.

L, Robert, where have you been walking
ernoon? (said a tutor to one of his pupils
close of a holiday.)

ROBERT.

ve been to Broom-heath, and so round by
dmill upon Camp-mount, and home through
adows by the river side.

TUTOR.

l, that is a pleasant round.

ROBERT.

ought it very dull, sir ; I scarcely met with
e person. I would much rather have gone
the turnpike road.

TUTOR.

z, if seeing men and horses is your object,
ould, indeed, be better entertained on the
oad. But did you see William?

ROBERT.

set out together, but he lagged behind in
e, so I walked on and left him.

TUTOR.

t was a pity. He would have been com-
or you.

ROBERT.

re is so tedious, always stopping to look at
ng and that ! I would rather walk alone. I
y he is not got home yet.

I

TUTOR.

Here he comes. Well, William, where you been?

WILLIAM.

O, the pleasantest walk! I went all over B heath, and so up to the mill at the top of th and then down among the green meadows l side of the river.

TUTOR.

Why, that is just the round Robert ha taking, and he complains of its dulness, an fers the high-road.

WILLIAM.

I wonder at that. I am sure I hardly step that did not delight me, and I have b home my handkerchief full of curiosities.

TUTOR.

Suppose, then, you give us an account o amused you so much. I fancy it will be : to Robert as to me.

WILLIAM.

I will do it readily. The lane leading heath, you know, is close and sandy, so l c mind it much, but made the best of my However, I spied a curious thing enough hedge. It was an old crab-tree, out of whic a great bunch of something green, quite di from the tree itself. Here is a branch of it

TUTOR.

Ah! this is mistletoe, a plant of great fa the use made of it by the Druids of old, i religious rites and incantations. It bears slimy white berry, of which birdlime may be whence the Latin name *Viscus*. It is onc o plants which do not grow in the ground by of their own; but fix themselves upon other whence they have been humorously styled *sitical*, as being hangers-on, or depender

was the mistletoe of the oak that the Druids particularly honoured.

WILLIAM.

A little further on I saw a green woodpecker fly to a tree, and run up the trunk like a cat.

TUTOR.

That was to seek for insects in the bark, on which they live. They bore holes with their strong bills for that purpose, and do much damage to the trees by it.

WILLIAM.

What beautiful birds they are!

TUTOR.

Yes; they have been called from their colour and size, the English parrot.

WILLIAM.

When I got upon the open heath, how charming it was! The air seemed so fresh, and the prospect on every side so free and unbounded! Then it was all covered with gay flowers, many of which I had never observed before. There were at least three kinds of heath, (I have got them in my handkerchief here) and gorse, and broom, and bellflower, and many others of all colours, of which I will beg you presently to tell me the names.

TUTOR.

That I will, readily.

WILLIAM.

I saw, too, several birds that were new to me. There was a pretty greyish one, of the size of a lark, that was hopping about some great stones; and when he flew, he showed a great deal of white above his tail.

TUTOR.

That was a wheat ear. They are reckoned very delicious birds to eat, and frequent the open downs in Sussex, and some other counties, in great numbers.

WILLIAM.

There was a flock of lapwings upon a marshy part of the heath, that amused me much. As I came near them, some of them kept flying round and round just over my head, and crying *perwit so* distinctly, one might almost fancy they spoke. I thought I should have caught one of them, for he flew as if one of his wings was broken, and often tumbled close to the ground; but as I came near, he always contrived to get away.

TUTOR.

Ha, ha! you were finely taken in, then! This was all an artifice of the bird's to entice you away from its nest: for they build upon the bare ground, and their nests would easily be observed, did not they draw off the attention of intruders, by their loud cries and counterfeit lameness.

WILLIAM.

I wish I had known that, for he led me a long chase, often over shoes in water. However, it was the cause of my falling in with an old man and a boy, who were cutting and piling up turf for fuel; and I had a good deal of talk with them, about the manner of preparing the turf, and the price it sells at. They gave me, too, a creature I never saw before—a young viper, which they had just killed together with its dam. I have seen several common snakes, but this is thicker in proportion, and of a darker colour than they are.

TUTOR.

True. Vipers frequent those turfy, boggy grounds pretty much, and I have known several turf-cutters bitten by them.

WILLIAM.

They are very venomous, are they not?

TUTOR.

Enough so to make their wounds painful and dangerous, though they seldom prove fatal.

WILLIAM.

Well—I then took my course up to the wind-mill on the mount. I climbed up the steps of the mill in order to get a better view of the country round. What an extensive prospect! I counted fifteen church steeples; and I saw several gentlemen's houses peeping out from the midst of green woods and plantations; and I could trace the windings of the river all along the low grounds, till it was lost behind a ridge of hills. But I'll tell you what I mean to do, if you will give me leave.

TUTOR.

What is that?

WILLIAM.

I will go again, and take with me Carey's county map, by which I shall probably be able to make out most of the places.

TUTOR.

You shall have it, and I will go with you, and take my pocket spying glass.

WILLIAM.

I shall be very glad of that. Well—a thought struck me, that as the hill is called *Camp-mount*, there might probably be some remains of ditches and mounds, with which I have read that camps were surrounded. And I really believe I discovered something of that sort running round one side of the mount.

TUTOR.

Very likely you might. I know antiquaries have described such remains as existing there, which some suppose to be Roman, others Danish. We will examine them further when we go.

WILLIAM.

From the hill I went straight down to the meadows below, and walked on the side of a brook that runs into the river. It was all bordered with reeds, and flags, and tall flowering plants, quite different

from those I had seen on the heath. As I was going down the bank to reach one of them, I heard something plunge into the water near me. It was a large water-rat, and I saw it swim over to the other side, and go into its hole. There were great many large dragon flies all about the stream. I caught one of the finest, and have got him in a leaf. But how I longed to catch a bird! I saw one hovering over the water, and every now and then darting down into it! It was all over a mixture of the most beautiful green and blue, with some orange colour. It was somewhat less than a thrush, and had a large head and bill, and a short tail.

TUTOR.

I can tell you what that bird was—a kingfisher, the celebrated halcyon of the ancients, about which so many tales are told. It lives on fish, which it catches in the manner you saw. It builds its nest in the banks; and is a shy retired bird, never to be seen far from the stream where it inhabits.

WILLIAM.

I must try to get another sight of him, for I never saw a bird that pleased me so much. When I followed this little brook till it entered the river, and then took the path that runs along the bank, and then crossed the river. On the opposite side I observed several little birds running along the shore, and making a piping noise. They were brown and white, and about as big as a snipe.

TUTOR.

I suppose they were sand-pipers, one of the numerous family of birds that get their living wading among the shallows, and picking up worms and insects.

WILLIAM.

There were a great many swallows, too, springing upon the surface of the water, that entertained



103

ne with their motions. Sometimes they dashed into the stream ; sometimes they pursued one another so quickly that the eye could scarcely follow them. In one place, where a high steep sand-bank rose directly above the river, I observed many of them go in and out of holes, with which the bank was bored full.

TUTOR.

Those were sand-martins, the smallest of our four species of swallows. They are of a mouse-colour above, and white beneath. They make their nests, and bring up their young in these holes, which run a great depth, and by their situation are secure from all plunderers.

WILLIAM.

A little further I saw a man in a boat, who was catching eels in an odd way. He had a long pole with broad iron prongs at the end, just like Neptune's trident, only there were five instead of three. This he pushed straight down into the mud, in the deepest parts of the river, and fetched up the eels sticking between the prongs.

TUTOR.

I have seen this method. It is called spearing of eels.

WILLIAM.

While I was looking at him, a heron came flying over my head, with his large flagging wings. He alighted at the next turn of the river, and I crept softly behind the bank to watch his motions. He had waded into the water as far as his long legs would carry him, and was standing with his neck drawn in, looking intently on the stream. Presently he darted his long bill as quick as lightning into the water, and drew out a fish, which he swallowed. I saw him catch another in the same manner. He then took alarm at some noise I

made, and flew away slowly to a wood at some distance, where he settled.

TUTOR.

Probably his nest was there, for herons build upon the loftiest tree they can find, and sometimes in society together, like rooks. Formerly, when these birds were valued for the amusement of hawking, many gentlemen had their *heronries* and a few are still remaining.

WILLIAM.

I think they are the largest wild birds we have.

TUTOR.

They are of great length and spread of wing, but their bodies are comparatively small.

WILLIAM.

I then turned homeward across the meadow where I stopped awhile to look at a large flock of starlings, which kept flying about at no great distance. I could not tell at first what to make of them; for they rose all together from the ground as thick as a swarm of bees, and formed themselves into a kind of black cloud hovering over the field. After taking a short round they settled again, and presently rose again in the same manner. I dare say there were hundreds of them.

TUTOR.

Perhaps so; for in the fenny countries, the flocks are so numerous, as to break down whole acres of reeds by settling on them. This disposition of starlings to fly in close swarms, was remarked even by Homer, who compares the flying from one of his heroes, to a *cloud* of starlings retiring dismayed at the approach of the hawk.

WILLIAM.

After I had left the meadows, I crossed the corn-fields in the way to our house, and passed close by a deep marl pit. Looking into it, I saw



105

of the sides a cluster of what I took to be and upon going down, I picked up a clod of earth, which was quite full of them; but how they could get there I cannot imagine.

TUTOR.

Do not wonder at your surprise, since many philosophers have been much perplexed to account for the same appearance. It is not uncommon to find great quantities of shells and relics of animals, even in the bowels of high mountains very remote from the sea.

WILLIAM.

I went to the high field next to our house just as the sun was setting, and I stood looking at it till I was quite lost. What a glorious sight! The clouds were tinged with purple and crimson, and the sky was of all shades and hues, and the clear sky shone from blue to a fine green at the horizon. How large the sun appears just as it sets! It seems twice as big as when it is over head.

TUTOR.

It does so; and you may probably have observed the same apparent enlargement of the moon when it is setting.

WILLIAM.

Yes; but pray what is the reason of this?

TUTOR.

It is an optical deception, depending upon principles which I cannot well explain to you till you are more of that branch of science. But whatever new ideas this afternoon's walk has suggested to you? I do not wonder that you found it so instructive; it has been very instructive too. Did you see nothing of all these sights, *Robert*?

ROBERT.

I saw some of them, but I did not take particular notice of them.

TUTOR.

What not?

ROBERT.

I do not know. I did not care about them and I made the best of my way home.

TUTOR.

That would have been right if you had been sent on a message; but as you only walked for amusement, it would have been wiser to have sought out as many sources of it as possible. But so it is—one man walks through the world with his eyes open, and another with them shut; and upon this difference depends all the superiority of knowledge the one acquires above the other. I have known sailors who had been in all the quarters of the world, and could tell you nothing but the signs of the tippling-houses they frequented in different ports, and the price and quality of the liquor. On the other hand, a Franklin could not cross the channel without making some observations useful to mankind. While many a vacillating and thoughtless youth is whirled throughout Europe without gaining a single idea worth crossing a street for, the observing eye and inquiring mind find matter of improvement and delight in every ramble in town and country. Do you then, William, continue to make use of your eyes; and you, Robert, learn that eyes were given you for use.

DR. AIKIN.

CHAPTER VI.

PROMISCUOUS PIECES.

SECTION I.

We destroy pleasure by pursuing it too eagerly.

A BOY, smitten with the colours of a butterfly, pursued it from flower to flower with indefatigable pains. First, he aimed to surprise it and

the leaves of a rose ; then to cover it with his hat, as it was feeding on a daisy. At one time, he hoped to secure it, as it revelled on a sprig of myrtle ; and at another, grew sure of his prize, perceiving it to loiter on a bed of violets. But the fickle fly still eluded his attempts. At last, observing it half buried in the cup of a tulip, he rushed forward, and snatching it with violence, crushed it to pieces. Thus, by his eagerness to enjoy, he lost the object of his pursuit.—From this instance, young persons may learn, that pleasure is but a painted butterfly ; which, if temperately pursued, may serve to amuse ; but which, when embraced with too much ardour, will perish in the grasp.

LORD KAMES.

SECTION II.

On sisterly unity and love.

"OBSERVE those two hounds, that are coupled together," said Euphronius to Lucy and Emilia, who were looking through the window. "How they torment each other by a disagreement in their pursuits ! One is for moving slowly, and the other vainly urges onward. The larger dog now sees some object that tempts him on this side ; and mark how he drags his companion along, who is exerting all his efforts to pursue a different route ! Thus they will continue all day at variance, pulling each other in opposite directions, when they might, by kind and mutual compliances, pass on easily, merrily, and happily.

Lucy and Emilia concurred in censuring the folly and ill-nature of these dogs ; and Euphronius expressed a tender wish, that he might never see any thing similar in their behaviour to each other. "Nature," said he, "has linked you to-

gether, by the near equality of age; by your common relation to the most indulgent parents; by the endearing ties of sisterhood; and by all those generous sympathies, which have been fostered in your bosoms, from the earliest infancy. Let these silken cords of mutual love continue to unite you in the same pursuits. Suffer no allurements to draw you different ways; no contradictory passions to distract your friendship; nor any selfish views, or sordid jealousies, to render those bonds uneasy and oppressive, which are now your ornament, your strength, and your happiness.

PERCIVAL.

SECTION III.

The Supreme Ruler of the world.

MANY kingdoms, and countries full of people and islands, and large continents, and different climes, make up this whole world: God governs it. The people swarm upon the face of it like ants upon a hillock. Some are black with the hot sun; some cover themselves with furs against the sharp cold; some drink of the fruit of the vine, some the pleasant milk of the cocoa-put; and others quench their thirst with the running stream. All are God's family; he knows every one of them, as a shepherd knows his flock. They speak to him in different languages, but he understands them all; he hears them all; he takes care of all none are so great, that he cannot punish them none are so mean, that he will not protect them.

Negro woman, who sittest pining in captivity and weepst over thy sick child; though no one sees thee, God sees thee; though no one pities thee, God pities thee. Raise thy voice, forlorn and abandoned one; call upon him from amidst thy bonds; for assuredly he will hear thee.—



109

Monarch, that rulest over a hundred states ; whose crown is terrible as death, and whose armies cover the land, boast not thyself as though there were none above thee. God is above thee ; his powerful arm is always over thee ; and if thou doest ill, assuredly he will punish thee.

Nations of the earth, fear the Lord ; families of men, call upon the name of your God. Is there any one whom God hath not made ? let him not worship him. Is there any one whom he hath not blessed ? let him not praise him.

BARBAULD.

SECTION IV.

Abraham and Lot : a fine example of wisdom and condescension.

DOMESTIC altercations began to perplex families in the very childhood of time ; the blood even of a brother was shed, at an early period. But with how much tenderness and good sense does Abraham prevent the disagreement which had nearly arisen, as is but too frequently the case, from the quarrels of servants ! He said unto Lot, "I pray thee let there be no strife betwixt me and thee, nor between my herdmen and thine." And why ? For the tenderest reason that can be : "because, we are brethren." The very image of the patriarch in the attitude of entreaty, the fraternal tear just starting from his eye, is this moment before me : and thus, methinks, I catch instruction from the lip of the venerable man, as he addresses Lot. "Away, my dear brother, away with strife : we were born to be the servants of God, and the companions of each other : as we sprang from the same parent, so we naturally partake of the same affections. We are brethren, sons of the same

K

rather. we are friends; for surely kindredship should be the most exalted friendship. Let us not then disagree, because our herdmen have disagreed; since that were to encourage every idle pique, and senseless animosity. Great, indeed, has been our success since our migration into this fair country: we have much substance, and much cattle. But ~~what!~~ shall brothers quarrel, because it has pleased ~~heaven~~ to prosper them? This would be ingratitude, impiety! But if, notwithstanding these persuasives, thy spirit is still troubled, let us separate: rather than contend with a brother, I would, hard as it is, even part with him for a time. Perhaps the occasion of dispute (which I have already forgotten) will soon be no more remembered by thee. Is not the whole land before thee? Take then my blessing and my embrace, and separate thyself from me. To thee is submitted the advantage of choice; if thou wilt take the left hand, then, that I may not appear to thwart thee unbrotherly, I will take the right; or, if thou art more inclined to the country which lies upon the right, then will I go to the left. Be it as thou wilt, and whithersoever thou goest, happy mayst thou be!"

Lot listened to his brother, and departed. He cast his eyes on the well watered plains of Jordon. When he separated, it appears to have been with the hope of increasing his wealth; whilst Abraham, actuated by the kindest motives, often, no doubt, pressed his brother's hand; and often bade him adieu; and even followed him to repeat his farewell wishes, ere he could suffer him to depart.

SECTION V.

A persecuting spirit reproved.

ARAM was sitting at the door of his tent, under the shade of his fig tree, when it came to pa



t, and joint heirs of immortality. A conduct
sted by such principles, gives a master claims,
h no money can purchase, no labour can re-
His affection can only be compensated by
; his kindness, by gratitude ; and his cordi-
; by the service of the heart."

PERCIVAL.

SECTION X.

*Arachne and Melissa : or, the happiness of culti-
vating a good temper.*

A GOOD temper is one of the principal ingredi-
t of happiness. This, it will be said, is the
k of nature, and must be born with us : and so,
good measure, it is ; yet it may be acquired by
and improved by culture. Almost every ob-
that attracts our notice, has a bright and a
k side. He that habituates himself to look at
displeasing side, will sour his disposition, and
sequently impair his happiness ; while he who
olds it on the bright side insensibly meliorates
temper ; and, by this means, improves his own
piness, and the happiness of all about him.

Arachne and Melissa are two friends. They are
te in birth, fortune, education, and accomplish-
nts. They were originally alike in temper too :
t by different management, are grown the re-
se of each other. Arachne has accustomed
self to look only on the dark side of every ob-
st. If a new literary work makes its appear-
ce, with a thousand beauties, and but one or two
smishes, she slightly skims over the passages that
ould give her pleasure, and dwells upon those
ly that fill her with dislike. If you show her an
cellent portrait, she looks at some part of the
apery that has been neglected, or to a hand or

finger which has been left unfinished. Her garden is a very beautiful one, and kept with great neatness and elegance ; but if you take a walk with her into it, she talks to you of nothing but blights and storms, of snails and caterpillars, and how impossible it is to keep it from the litter of falling leaves and worm casts. If you sit down in one of her temples, to enjoy a delightful prospect, she observes to you, that there is too much wood, or too little water ; that the day is too sunny, or too gloomy ; that it is sultry or windy ; and finishes with a long harangue upon the wretchedness of the climate. When you return with her to the company, in hopes of a little cheerful conversation, she casts a gloom over all, by giving you the story of her own bad health, or of some melancholy accident that has befallen one of her children. Thus she insensibly sinks her own spirits, and the spirits of all around her ; and at last discovers, she knows not why, that her friends are grave.

Melissa is the reverse of all this. By habituating herself to look on the bright side of objects, she preserves a perpetual cheerfulness in herself ; which by a kind of happy contagion, she communicates to all about her. If any misfortune has befallen her, she considers that it might have been worse, and is thankful to Providence for an escape. She rejoices in solitude, as it gives her an opportunity of knowing herself ; and in society, because she communicates the happiness she enjoys. She proposes every man's virtues to his failings, and can find out something to cherish and applaud, in the very worst of her acquaintance. She opens every book with a desire to be entertained or instructed, and therefore seldom misses what she looks for. Walk with her, though it be but on a heath or in a common, and she will discover numberless beauties, unobserved before, in the hills, the da-



121

oms, brakes, and the variegated flowers of
and poppies. She enjoys every change of
r, and of season, as bringing with it some
ages of health or convenience. In conver-
you never hear her repeating her own
aces, or those of her neighbours, or (what
t of all) their faults and imperfections. If
ing of the latter kind be mentioned in her
g, she has the address to turn it into enter-
nt, by changing the most odious railing
pleasant raillery. Thus Melissa, like the
gathers honey from every weed; while
ie, like the spider, sucks poison from the
flowers. The consequence is, that of two
s, once very nearly allied, the one is for
ur and dissatisfied; the other always pleas-
cheerful; the one spreads a universal gloom;
er a continual sunshine.

WORLD.

SECTION XI.

SOCRATES AND LEANDER.

respect to Parents, is in no case allowable.

LEANDER, the eldest son of Socrates, fell
violent passion with his mother. Socrates
itness to this shameful misbehaviour, and
ited the correction of it in the following
and rational manner. "Come hither, son,"
e, "have you never heard of men who are
ungrateful?" "Yes, frequently," answered
uth. "And what is ingratitude?" demanded
es. "It is to receive a kindness," said Lean-
without making a proper return, when
s a favourable opportunity." "Ingratitude
efore a species of injustice," said Socrates.

L

“I should think so,” answered Leander then,” pursued Socrates, “ingratitude justice, does it not follow, that the degree must be proportionate to the magnitude favours which have been received ?” I admitted the inference ; and Socrates thus pursued his interrogations. “Can there subsist obligations than those which children owe parents ; from whom life is derived and supported and by whose good offices, it is rendered pleasant, able, useful, and happy ?” “I acknowledge the truth of what you say,” replied Leander who could suffer, without resentment, the sorrows of such a mother as I have ?” “A strange thing has she done to you ?” said Socrates. “She has a tongue,” replied Leander, “no mortal can bear.” “How much more,” said Socrates, “has she endured from your wrath, fretfulness, and incessant cries, in the period of infancy ! What anxieties has she suffered from your capriciousness, and follies, of your childhood and youth ! What affliction has she felt, and what watching has she sustained, in your illness. These, and various other powerful motives of duty and gratitude, have been recognised by the legislators of our republic. For if any one is disrespectful to his parents, he is not permitted to enjoy any post of trust or honour. It is a law that a sacrifice, offered by an impious man, neither be acceptable to Heaven, nor profitable to the state ; and that an undutiful son cannot be capable of performing any great action, or of acting with justice with impartiality. Therefore, if you be wise, you will pray to heaven to punish the offences committed against your mother, so that no one discover the contempt with which you have treated her ; for the world will condemn and abandon you for such behaviour. And



123

ven suspected, that you repay with ingratitude
the good offices of your parents, you will inevi-
vably forego the kindnesses of others ; because no
man will suppose, that you have a heart to requite
either his favours or his friendship."

PERCIVAL.

SECTION XII.

SOCRATES AND DEMETRIUS.

Brethren should dwell together in harmony.

Two brothers, named Timon and Demetrius, having quarrelled with each other, Socrates, their common friend, was solicitous to restore amity between them. Meeting, therefore, with Demetrius, he thus accosted him : " Is not friendship the sweetest solace in adversity, and the greatest enhancement of the blessings of prosperity ? " Certainly it is," replied Demetrius ; " because our sorrows are diminished, and our joys increased by sympathetic participation." " Amongst whom, then, must we look for a friend ? " said Socrates. " Would you search among strangers ? They cannot be interested about you. Amongst your rivals ? They have an interest in opposition to yours. Amongst those who are much older, or younger, than yourself ? Their feelings and pursuits will be widely different from yours. Are there not, then, some circumstances favourable, and others essential, to the formation of friendship ? " " Undoubtedly there are," answered Demetrius. " May we not enumerate," continued Socrates, " amongst the circumstances favourable to friendship, long acquaintance, common connections, similitude of age, and union of interest ? " " I acknowledge," said Demetrius, " the powerful

influence of these circumstances : but the subsist, and yet others be wanting, that are tial to mutual amity." " And what," said rates, " are those essentials which are want Timon ?" " He has forfeited my esteem : tachment," answered Demetrius. " And also forfeited the esteem and attachment of of mankind ?" continued Socrates. " Is he of benevolence, generosity, gratitude, and social affections?" " Far be it from me," cri metrius, " to lay so heavy a charge upon His conduct to others, is, I believe, irreproac and it wounds me the more, that he should me out as the object of his unkindness." pose you have a very valuable horse," re Socrates, " gentle under the treatment of but ungovernable, when you attempt to us would you not endeavour, by all means, to iate his affection, and to treat him in th most likely to render him tractable ? Or, have a dog, highly prized for his fidelity, fulness, and care of your flocks, who is fond shepherds, and playful with them, and yet whenever you come in his way ; would y tempt to cure him of this fault by angry l words, or by any other marks of resentment would surely pursue an opposite course wi And is not the friendship of a brother of fa worth, than the services of a horse, or the ment of a dog ? Why then do you delay to practice those means, which may reconcile Timon ?" " Acquaint me with those mean answered Demetrius, " for I am a stranger to " Answer me a few questions," said Socrate you desire, that one of your neighbours sho vite you to his feast, when he offers a sa what course would you take ?"—" I wou invite him to mine."—" And how would :

se him to take the charge of your affairs, when
 are on a journey ?"—" I should be forward to
 the same good office to him, in his absence."
 f you be solicitous to remove a prejudice,
 ich he may have received against you, how
 uld you then behave towards him ?"—" I should
 leavours to convince him, by my looks, words,
 l actions, that such prejudice was ill founded."
 And if he appeared inclined to reconciliation,
 old you reproach him with the injustice he
 done you ?"—" No," answered Demetrius ;
 would repeat no grievances." " Go," said
 rates, " and pursue that conduct towards your
 thr, which you would practice to a neighbour.
 friendship is of inestimable worth ; and nothing
 ore lovely in the sight of Heaven, than for
 thren to dwell together in unity."

PERCIVAL.

SECTION XIII.

On good-breeding.

As learning, honour, and virtue, are absolutely
 necessary to gain you the esteem and admiration
 of mankind, politeness and good-breeding are
 equally necessary to make you agreeable in con-
 versation and common life. Great talents are
 not the generalities of the world, who neither
 know themselves, nor judge of them rightly
 others ; but all people are judges of the smaller
 qualities, such as civility, affability, and an obliging,
 agreeable address and manner ; because they feel
 the effects of them, as making society easy and
 pleasing. Good sense must, in many cases, de-
 termine good-breeding ; but there are some gene-
 ral rules of it, that always hold true. For exam-
 ple, it is extremely rude not to give proper atten-

tion, and a civil answer, when people speak to you ; or to go away, or be doing something while they are speaking to you ; for that convinces them that you despise them, and do not think it worth your while to hear, or answer what they say. It is also very rude to take the best place at a room ; or to seize immediately upon what you want at table, without offering first to help others ; you are considered nobody but yourself. On the contrary, you should always endeavour to provide all the conveniencies you can, to the people you are with.

Besides being civil, which is absolutely necessary, the perfection of good-breeding is, to be civil with ease, and in a becoming manner. Awkwardness can proceed but from two causes : either from not having kept good company, or from not having attended to it. Attention is absolutely necessary for improving in behaviour, indeed it is for every thing else. If an awkward person drinks tea or coffee, he often scalds his mouth, and lets either the cup or the saucer fall, and spills the tea or coffee on his clothes. At dinner, his awkwardness distinguishes itself particularly, as he has more to do. There, he uses his knife, fork, and spoon, differently from other people ; eats with his knife, to the great damage of his lips ; picks his teeth with his fork ; and drops his spoon, which has been in his mouth many times, into the dishes again. If he is to carry a glass, he can never hit the joint ; but in his vain effort to cut through the bone, scatters the sauce in every body's face. He generally daubs himself with soup and grease, though his napkin is completely stuck through a button-hole ; and tickles his nose. When he drinks, he coughs in his glass, and sprinkles the company. Besides all this, he is full of strange tricks and gestures ; such as snuff



127

nose, making faces, putting his fingers in his e, or blowing it, and looking afterwards in his idkerchief, so as greatly to disgust the company. s hands are troublesome to him, when he has : something in them ; and he does not know ere to put them, but keeps them in perpetual tion. All this, I own, is not in any degree minal ; but it is highly disagreeable and ridicu- s in company ; and ought most carefully to be arded against, by every one that desires to please. There is, likewise, an awkwardness of expression l words which ought to be avoided ; such as e English, bad pronunciation, old sayings and gar proverbs ; which are so many proofs of a or education. For example, if, instead of saying t tastes are different, and that every man has own peculiar one, you should let off a vulgar overb, and say, “ That what is one man’s meat nother man’s poison ;” or else, “ Every one to liking, as the good man said when he kissed cow ;” the company would be persuaded that u had never associated with any but low per- is.

To mistake or forget names ; to speak of What-d’ye-call-him,” or, “ Thingum,” or How-d’ye-call her,” is excessively awkward and lgar. To begin a story or narration, when you e not perfect in it, and cannot go through with but are forced, possibly, to say in the middle it, “ I have forgotten the rest,” is very unpleas- t and bungling. One must be extremely exact, ar, and perspicuous, in every thing one says ; rwise, instead of entertaining or informing ers, one only tires and puzzles them. The ice and manner of speaking, too, are not to be glected. Some people almost shut their mouths en they speak ; and mutter so, that they are not be understood : others speak so fast, and sputter,

that they are equally unintelligible. Some always speak as loud as if they were talking to deaf people ; and others so low, that one cannot hear them. All these, and many other habits, are awkward and disagreeable, and are to be avoided by attention. You cannot imagine how necessary it is to mind all these little things. I have seen many people, with great talents, ill received, for want of having these talents too ; and others well received, only from their little talents, and who had no great ones.

SECTION XIV.

The ungrateful guest.

PHILIP, king of Macedon, is celebrated for an act of private justice, which does great honour to his memory. A certain soldier, in the Macedonian army, had, in various instances, distinguished himself by extraordinary acts of valour ; and had received many marks of Philip's approbation and favour. On a particular occasion, this soldier embarked on board a vessel, which was wrecked by a violent storm ; and he was cast on the shore, helpless and naked, with scarcely any appearance of life. A Macedonian, whose lands were contiguous to the sea, came opportunely to be a witness of his distress ; and, with the most humane and charitable tenderness, flew to the relief of the unhappy stranger. He bore him to his house, laid him in his own bed, revived, cherished, and comforted him ; and, for forty days, supplied him freely with all the necessaries and conveniences which his languishing condition could require.—The soldier, thus happily rescued from death, was incessant in the warmest expressions of gratitude to his benefactor ; assured him of his interest with

ing ; and of his determination to obtain for
 from the royal bounty, the noble returns
 such extraordinary benevolence had merit-
 He was at length completely recovered ; and
 supplied by his kind host with money to pur-
 is journey. After some time, the soldier
 nted himself before the king ; he recounted
 isfortunes ; he magnified his services : and
 nhuman wretch, who had looked with an eye
 vy on the possessions of the man by whom
 e had been preserved, was so devoid of grat-
 , and of every humane sentiment, as to re-
 that the king would bestow upon him the
 and lands, where he had been so tenderly
 indly entertained. Unhappily Philip, with-
 xamination, precipitately granted his infa-
 request. The soldier then returned to his
 rver ; and repaid his goodness by driving
 from his settlement, and taking immediate
 ssion of all the fruits of his honest industry.
 poor man, stung with such an instance of
 alleled ingratitude and insensibility, boldly
 mined, instead of submitting to his wrongs,
 k relief : and, in a letter addressed to Philip,
 sented his own, and the soldier's conduct, in
 ly and affecting manner. The king was in-
 y fired with indignation. He ordered that
 justice should be done without delay ; that
 ossessions should be immediately restored to
 an whose charitable offices had been thus
 dly repaid ; and, to show his abhorrence of
 eed, he caused the soldier to be seized, and
 ve these words branded on his forehead—
 e Ungrateful Guest.”

GOLDSMITH.

SECTION XV.

The hospitable negro woman.

THE enterprising traveller, Mungo Park, employed, by the African Association, to explore the interior regions of Africa. In this hazardous undertaking, he encountered many dangers and difficulties. His wants were often supplied, his distresses alleviated, by the kindness and compassion of the negroes. He gives the following lively and interesting account of the hospitable treatment he received from a poor negro woman.

"Being arrived at Sego, the capital of the kingdom of Bambarra, situated on the banks of the Niger, I wished to pass over to that part of the town in which the king resides: but from a great number of persons eager to obtain a passage, I was under the necessity of waiting two hours. During this time, the people who had crossed the river, carried information to Mansong, the king, that a white man was waiting for a passage, and was coming to see him. He immediately ordered one of his chief men, who informed me that the king could not possibly see me, until he knew what had brought me into his country; and that I must not presume to cross the river without the king's permission. He therefore advised me to lodge, for that night, at a distant village to which he pointed; and said that, in the morning, he would give me further instructions how to conduct myself. This was very discouraging. However, as there was no remedy, I set off for the village where I found, to my great mortification, that no person would admit me into his house. From the prejudices infused into their minds, I was regarded with astonishment and fear; and was obliged

to sit the whole day without victuals, in the shade of a tree.

“The night threatened to be very uncomfortable; for the wind rose, and there was great appearance of a heavy rain: the wild beasts too were so numerous in the neighbourhood, that I should have been under the necessity of climbing up the tree, and resting among the branches.—About sunset, however, as I was preparing to pass the night in this manner, and had turned my horse loose, that he might graze at liberty, a negro woman, returning from the labours of the field, stopped to observe me: and perceiving that I was weary and dejected, inquired into my situation. I briefly explained it to her; after which, with looks of great compassion, she took up my saddle and bridle, and told me to follow her. Having conducted me into her hut, she lighted a lamp, spread a mat on the floor, and told me I might remain there for the night. Finding that I was very hungry, she went out to procure me something to eat; and returned in a short time with a very fine fish; which, having caused it to be half broiled upon some embers, she gave me for supper. The rites of hospitality being thus performed towards a stranger in distress, my worthy benefactress (pointing to the mat, and telling me I might sleep here without apprehension) called to the female part of her family, who had stood gazing on me all the while in fixed astonishment, to resume their task of spinning cotton; in which they continued to employ themselves great part of the night.”

“They lightened their labour by songs, one of which was composed extempore; for I was myself the subject of it. It was sung by one of the young women, the rest joining in a sort of chorus. The air was sweet and plaintive, and the words, literally translated, were these. “The winds roared,

SECTION XV.

The hospitable negro woman.

THE enterprising traveller, Mungo Park, employed, by the African Association, to explore the interior regions of Africa. In this hazardous undertaking, he encountered many dangers and difficulties. His wants were often supplied, his distresses alleviated, by the kindness and compassion of the negroes. He gives the following lively and interesting account of the hospitable treatment he received from a poor negro woman.

"Being arrived at Sego, the capital of the kingdom of Bambarra, situated on the banks of the Niger, I wished to pass over to that part of the town in which the king resides: but from a great number of persons eager to obtain a passage, I was under the necessity of waiting two hours. During this time, the people who had crossed the river, carried information to Mansong, the king, that a white man was waiting for a passage, and was coming to see him. He immediately ordered one of his chief men, who informed me that the king could not possibly see me, until he knew what had brought me into his country; and that I must not presume to cross the river without the king's permission. He therefore advised me to lodge, for that night, at a distant village to which he pointed; and said that, in the morning, he would give me further instructions how to conduct myself. This was very discouraging. However, as there was no remedy, I set off for the village where I found, to my great mortification, that no person would admit me into his house. My prejudices infused into their minds, I was regarded with astonishment and fear; and was ob-

o sit the whole day without victuals, in the shade of a tree.

“The night threatened to be very uncomfortable; for the wind rose, and there was great appearance of a heavy rain: the wild beasts too were so numerous in the neighbourhood, that I should have been under the necessity of climbing up the tree, and resting among the branches.—About sunset, however, as I was preparing to pass the night in this manner, and had turned my horse loose, that he might graze at liberty, a negro woman, returning from the labours of the field, stopped to observe me: and perceiving that I was weary and dejected, inquired into my situation. I briefly explained it to her; after which, with looks of great compassion, she took up my saddle and bridle, and told me to follow her. Having conducted me into her hut, she lighted a lamp, spread a mat on the floor, and told me I might remain there for the night. Finding that I was very hungry, she went out to procure me something to eat; and returned in a short time with a very fine fish; which, having caused it to be half broiled upon some embers, she gave me for supper. The rites of hospitality being thus performed towards a stranger in distress, my worthy benefactress (pointing to the mat, and telling me I might sleep there without apprehension) called to the female part of her family, who had stood gazing on me all the while in fixed astonishment, to resume their task of spinning cotton; in which they continued to employ themselves great part of the night.”

“They lightened their labour by songs, one of which was composed extempore; for I was myself the subject of it. It was sung by one of the young women, the rest joining in a sort of chorus. The air was sweet and plaintive, and the words, literally translated, were these. “The winds roared,

and the rains fell.—The poor white man, and weary, came and sat under our tree.—He no mother to bring him milk; no wife to grind his corn. *Chorus.* Let us pity the white man no mother has he to bring him milk; no wife to grind his corn.”* Trifling as these events appear to the reader, they were to me affecting to the highest degree. I was oppressed with unexpected kindness; and sleep fled from my eyes. In the morning I presented to my compassionate landlady two of the four brass buttons which remained on my waistcoat; the only recompense it was in my power to make her.”

PARK'S TRAVEL

* These simple and pathetic sentiments have been beautifully versified and expanded, by the dutchess of Devonshire. The following is a copy of this little interesting piece of poetry.

The loud wind roar'd, the rain fell fast;
The white man yielded to the blast.
He sat him down beneath the tree,
For weary, sad, and faint was he:
And ah! no wife or mother's care,
For him the milk or corn prepare.

CHORUS.

*The white man shall our pity share :
Alas! no wife, or mother's care,
For him the milk or corn prepare.* }

The storm is o'er, the tempest past,
And mercy's voice has hush'd the blast;
The wind is heard in whispers low:
The white man far away must go;
But ever in his heart will bear
Remembrance of the negro's care.

CHORUS.

*Go, white man, go; but with thee bear
The negro's wish, the negro's pray'r,
Remembrance of the negro's care.* }

SECTION XVI.

Catharina, empress of Russia.

CATHARINA ALEXOWNA, born near Derpat, a city in Livonia, was heir to no other inheritance than the virtues and frugality of her parents. Her father being dead, she lived with her aged mother, in their cottage covered with straw; and, though very poor, were very contented.—Retired from the gaze of the world, by the industry of her hands she supported her parent, who was now incapable of supporting herself. While Catharina spun, the old woman would sit by and read some book of devotion. When the fatigues of the day were over, both would sit down contentedly by their fire-side, and enjoy their frugal repast. Though Catharina's face and person were far from perfection, yet her whole attention was directed and bestowed upon her mind. Her mother had taught her to read, and an old Lutheran minister instructed her in the maxims and duties of religion. Nature had furnished her not only with a ready, solid turn of thought; not only with a strong, a right understanding. Her virtues and accomplishments procured her several solicitations of marriage, from the peasants of the country: their offers were refused; for she loved her mother too tenderly to think of a separation. Catharina was fifteen years old when her mother died. She then left her cottage, and went to live with the Lutheran minister, by whom she had been instructed from her childhood. In his house she resided, in quality of governess to his children; at which she was reconciling in her character unerring prudence with surprising vivacity. The old man, who regarded her as one of his own children, had

her instructed in the elegant parts of female education, by the masters who attended the rest of her family. Thus she continued to improve, till she died; by which accident she was reduced to her former poverty. The country of Livonia was at that time wasted by war, and lay in a miserable state of desolation. Those calamities are even most heavy upon the poor; wherefore Catharina though possessed of so many accomplishments experienced all the miseries of hopeless indigence. Provisions becoming every day more scarce, and her private stock being entirely exhausted, she resolved at last to travel to Marienburgh, a city of greater plenty.

With her scanty wardrobe, packed up in a wallet, she set out on her journey, on foot. She was to walk through a region miserable by nature, but rendered still more hideous by the Swedes and Russians, who, as each happened to become masters, plundered it at discretion: but hunger had taught her to despise the dangers and fatigues of the way. One evening, upon her journey, as she had entered a cottage by the way-side, to take her lodging for the night, she was insulted by two Swedish soldiers. They might, probably, have carried their insults into violence, had not a subaltern officer, accidentally passing by, come in for her assistance. Upon his appearing, the soldiers immediately desisted; but her thankfulness was hardly greater than her surprise, when she instantly recollected, in her deliverer, the son of the Lutheran minister, her former instructor, benefactor and friend. This was a happy interview for Catharina. The little stock of money she had brought from home was by this time quite exhausted; her clothes were gone, piece by piece, in order to satisfy those who had entertained her in their houses. Her generous countryman, therefore, parted with

he could spare, to buy her clothes ; furnished with a horse ; and gave her letters of recommendation to a faithful friend of his father's, the intendent of Marienburgh.

SECTION XVII.

The same subject continued.

THE beautiful stranger was well received at Marienburgh. She was immediately admitted into the superintendent's family, as governess to his daughters ; and, though but seventeen, showed herself capable of instructing her sex, not only in virtue, but in politeness. Such were her goodness and beauty, that her master himself in a short time offered her his hand ; which, to his great surprise, she thought proper to refuse. Actuated by the principle of gratitude, she was resolved to marry the deliverer only, though he had lost an arm, and was otherwise disfigured by wounds, received in service. In order, therefore, to prevent solicitations from others, as soon as the officer returned to town upon duty, she offered him her hand, which he accepted with joy ; and their nuptials were accordingly solemnized. But all the hopes of her fortune were to be striking. The very day on which they were married, the Russians began the siege to Marienburgh. The unhappy soldier immediately ordered to an attack, from which he never returned.

In the mean time, the siege went on with fury, aggravated on one side by obstinacy, on the other by revenge. The war between the two northern powers at that time was truly barbarous : the innocent peasant, and the harmless virgin, often died the fate of the soldier in arms. Marienburgh was taken by assault ; and such was the

fury of the assailants, that not only the garrison but almost all the inhabitants, men, women, and children, were put to the sword. At length, when the carnage was pretty well over, Catharina was found hid in an oven. She had hitherto been poor but free: she was now to conform to her hard fate and learn what it was to be a slave. In this situation, however, she behaved with piety and humility; and though misfortunes had abated her vivacity, yet she was cheerful. The fame of her merit and resignation reached even prince Menzikoff, the Russian general. He desired to see her; he was pleased with her appearance; bought her from the soldier, her master; and placed her under the direction of his own sister. Here she was treated with all the respect which her merit deserved, while her beauty every day improved with her good fortune.

She had not been long in this situation, when Peter the Great paying the prince a visit, Catharina happened to come in with some dried fruit which she served round with peculiar modesty. The mighty monarch saw her, and was struck with her beauty. He returned the next day and called for the beautiful slave; asked her several questions; and found the charms of her mind superior even to those of her person. He had been forced, when young, to marry from motives of interest; he was now resolved to marry pursuant to his own inclinations. He immediately inquired into the history of the fair Livonian, who was yet eighteen. He traced her through the vale of obscurity, through the vicissitudes of her fortune, and found her truly great in them all. The meanness of her birth was no obstruction to his desire. The nuptials were solemnized in private; the prince declaring to his courtiers, that virtue was the properest ladder to a throne.

We now see Catharina, raised from the low, mud-walled cottage, to be empress of the greatest kingdom upon earth. The poor solitary wanderer is now surrounded by thousands, who find happiness in her smile. She, who formerly wanted a meal, is now capable of diffusing plenty upon whole nations. To her good fortune she owed a part of this pre-eminence, but to her virtues more. She ever after retained those great qualities which first placed her on a throne: and while the extraordinary prince, her husband, laboured for the reformation of his male subjects, she studied, in return, the improvement of her own sex. She reformed their dresses; introduced mixed assemblies; instituted an order of female knighthood; promoted piety and virtue: and, at length, when she had greatly filled all the stations of empress, queen, wife, and mother, bravely died without regret—regretted by all.

GOLDSMITH.

SECTION XVIII.

Fortune and happiness equally attainable by the rich and the poor.

THAT man to whom God has given riches, and blessed with a mind to employ them aright, is peculiarly favoured, and highly distinguished. He looks on his wealth with pleasure, because it affords him the means to do good. He protects the poor that are injured; he suffers not the mighty to oppress the weak. He seeks out objects of compassion; he inquires into their wants; he relieves them with judgment, and without ostentation. He assists and rewards merit; he encourages ingenuity, and liberally promotes every useful design. He carries on great works, his country is enriched, and the laborer is employed; he forms

new schemes, and the arts receive improvement. He considers the superfluities of his table as belonging to the poor of his neighbourhood; and he defrauds them not. The benevolence of his mind is not checked by his fortune; he rejoices therefore in riches, and his joy is blameless.

The virtuous poor man also may rejoice; for he has many reasons. He sits down to his morsel in peace; his table is not crowded with flatterers and devourers. He is not embarrassed with a train of dependents, nor teased with the clamours of solicitation. Debarred from the dainties of the rich, he escapes also their diseases. The bread that he eats, is it not sweet to his taste? The water he drinks, is it not pleasant to his thirst? yea, far more delicious than the richest draught of the luxurious. His labour preserves his health, and procures him a repose, to which the downy bed of sloth is a stranger. He limits his desires with humility; and the calm of contentment is sweeter to his soul than all the acquisitions of wealth and grandeur.—Let not the rich, therefore, presume on his riches; nor the poor in his poverty yield to despondence: for the providence of God dispenses happiness to them both.

ECONOMY OF HUMAN LIFE.

SECTION XIX.

The character of Christ.

WHOEVER considers, with attention, the character of our blessed Lord, as it may be collected from the various incidents and actions of his life (for there are no laboured descriptions of it, or encomiums upon it, by his own disciples) will soon discover that it was, in every respect, the most perfect that ever was made known to man.

kind. If we only say of him, what even Pilate said of him, and what his bitterest enemies cannot and do not deny, *that we can find no fault in him*, and that the whole tenour of his life was blameless, this is more than can be said of any other person that ever came into the world. But this is going a very little way, indeed, in the excellence of his character. He was not only free from every failing, but he possessed and practised every imaginable virtue. Towards his heavenly Father he expressed the most ardent love, the most fervent yet rational devotion; and displayed, in his whole conduct, the most absolute resignation to his will, and obedience to his commands. His manners were gentle, mild, condescending, and gracious; his heart overflowing with kindness, compassion, and tenderness to the whole human race. The great employment of his life, was to do good to the bodies and souls of men. In this, all his thoughts, and all his time, were constantly and almost incessantly occupied. He went about dispensing his blessings to all around him, in a thousand different ways; healing diseases, relieving infirmities, correcting errors, removing prejudices; promoting piety, justice, charity, peace, and harmony; and crowding into the narrow compass of his ministry more acts of mercy and compassion, than the longest life of the most benevolent man upon earth ever yet produced. Over his own passions he had the most complete command: and though his patience was continually put to the severest trials, yet he was never overcome, never betrayed into any intemperance or excess, in word or deed; "never once spake unadvisedly with his lips." He endured the cruellest insults from his enemies, with the utmost composure, meekness, patience, and resignation; displayed **astonishing fortitude under a most painful and ig-**

nominious death ; and, to crown all, in the very midst of his torments on the cross, implored forgiveness for his murderers, in that divinely charitable prayer, " Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Nor was his wisdom inferior to his virtues. The doctrines he taught were the most sublime, and the most important, that were ever before delivered to mankind ; and every way worthy of that God, from whom he professed to derive them, and whose son he declared himself to be.

His precepts inculcated the purest and most perfect morality : his discourses were full of dignity and wisdom, yet intelligible and clear ; his parables conveyed instruction in the most pleasing, familiar, and impressive manner ; and his answers to the many insidious questions that were put to him, showed uncommon quickness of conception, soundness of judgment, and presence of mind ; completely baffled all the artifices and malice of his enemies ; and enabled him to elude all the snares that were laid for him.—From this short and imperfect sketch of our Saviour's character, it is evident that he was, beyond comparison, the wisest and most virtuous person that ever appeared in the world.

BEILBY, BISHOP OF LONDON.

PART II.
PIECES IN POETRY.

CHAPTER I.

SELECT SENTENCES AND PARAGRAPHS.

SECTION I.

Improvement of time.

DEFER not till to-morrow to be wise ;
To-morrow's sun to thee may never rise.

Moral culture.

If good we plant not, vice will fill the place ;
And rankest weeds the richest soils deface.

The noblest art.

Indulge the true ambition to excel
In that best art—the art of living well.

Life a state of trial.

In its true light, this transient life regard :
This is a state of trial, not reward.

Happiness domestic.

For genuine happiness we need not roam ;
'Tis doubtless found with little, and at home.

Virtue and vice progressive.

The human heart ne'er knows a state of rest :
Bad leads to worse, and better tends to best.

Humility.

Be humble ; learn thyself to scan :
Know, pride was never made for man.

nominious death ; and, to crown all, in the very midst of his torments on the cross, implored forgiveness for his murderers, in that divinely charitable prayer, " Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Nor was his wisdom inferior to his virtues. The doctrines he taught were the most sublime, and the most important, that were ever before delivered to mankind ; and every way worthy of that God, from whom he professed to derive them, and whose son he declared himself to be.

His precepts inculcated the purest and most perfect morality : his discourses were full of dignity and wisdom, yet intelligible and clear ; his parables conveyed instruction in the most pleasing, familiar, and impressive manner ; and his answers to the many insidious questions that were put to him, showed uncommon quickness of conception, soundness of judgment, and presence of mind ; completely baffled all the artifices and malice of his enemies ; and enabled him to elude all the snares that were laid for him.—From this short and imperfect sketch of our Saviour's character, it is evident that he was, beyond comparison, the wisest and most virtuous person that ever appeared in the world.

BEILBY, BISHOP OF LONDON.

PART II.
PIECES IN POETRY.

CHAPTER I.

SELECT SENTENCES AND PARAGRAPHS.

SECTION I.

Improvement of time.

DEFER not till to-morrow to be wise ;
To-morrow's sun to thee may never rise.

Moral culture.

If good we plant not, vice will fill the place ;
And rankest weeds the richest soils deface.

The noblest art.

Indulge the true ambition to excel
In that best art—the art of living well.

Life a state of trial.

In its true light, this transient life regard :
This is a state of trial, not reward.

Happiness domestic.

For genuine happiness we need not roam ;
'Tis doubtless found with little, and at home.

Virtue and vice progressive.

The human heart ne'er knows a state of rest :
Bad leads to worse, and better tends to best.

Humility.

Be humble ; learn thyself to scan :
Know, pride was never made for man.

Contentment is happiness.

Could wealth our happiness augment?
What can she give beyond content?

Virtue altogether lovely.

Virtue is amiable, mild, serene:
Without all beauty; and all peace within.

Self partiality.

The faults of our neighbours with freedom
blame,

But tax not ourselves though we practise the sat

Candour and forgiveness.

—How noble 'tis to own a fault!

How gen'rous and divine to forgive it!

Troubles from ourselves.

'Tis to ourselves, indeed, we chiefly owe
The multitude of poignant griefs we feel.

Resignation.

Nor love thy life, nor hate; but what thou liv'
Live well; how long or short, permit to Hea'

SECTION II.

Integrity.

The man of pure and simple heart,
Through life disdains a double part.
He never needs the screen of lies
His inward bosom to disguise.

Best use of riches.

When wealth to virtuous hands is giv'n,
It blesses like the dews of heav'n:
Like Heav'n it hears the orphan's cries;
And wipes the tears from widows' eyes.

Choice of friends.

Who friendship with a knave has made,
Is judg'd a partner in the trade.
'Tis thus, that on the choice of friends
Our good or evil name depends.



143

Christian morality.

—————'Tis our part,
Christians, to forget the wrongs we feel ;
Pardon trespasses ; our very foes
Love and cherish ; to do good to all ;
Peaceably ; and be, in all our acts,
As the serpent, gentle as the dove.

Hope in affliction.

—————Shall we pine,
Be dishearten'd with a day of grief,
On the same hand which brought affliction on,
Wins its pow'r, and can, with equal ease,
Love it ?

Folly of envy.

Can you discern another's mind ?
Why is't you envy ? Envy's blind.
Oh envy, when she would annoy,
Let thousands want what you enjoy.

The wish.

Do not for beauty, nor languish for wealth ;
Grant me, kind Providence ! virtue and health :
I'm, richer than kings, and more happy than
They,
Days shall pass sweetly and swiftly away.

Censoriousness reproved.

Other men we faults can spy ;
And blame the mote that dims their eye ;
Oh little speck and blemish find,
Our own stronger errors blind.—
As we remark another's sin,
Let our own conscience look within.

Self command.

Let govern'd wrath, and fell resentment fly :
They rend the soul, as tempests rend the sky.
Unpeevish humours : they corrode the breast,
And cloud the brow ; are childish at the best.
Learn to controul your tongue, that restless thing !
To mischief oft and shame the fatal spring.

Inscription on a sun-dial.

Mark well my shade, and seriously attend
 The silent lesson of a common friend :
 Since time and life speed hastily away,
 And no one can recal the former day,
 Improve each fleeting hour before 'tis past ;
 And know, each fleeting hour may be thy last.

SECTION III.

Source of true happiness.

THE happiness of human kind
 Consists in rectitude of mind,
 A will subdu'd to reason's sway,
 And passions practis'd to obey ;
 An open and a gen'rous heart,
 Refin'd from selfishness and art,
 Patience which mocks at fortune's pow'r,
 And wisdom neither sad nor sour.

Love to God produces love to men.

Let gratitude in acts of goodness flow ;
 Our love to God, in love to man below.
 Be this our joy—to calm the troubled breast,
 Support the weak, and succour the distrest ;
 Direct the wand'rer, dry the widow's tear ;
 'The orphan guard, the sinking spirits cheer.
 Tho' small our power to act, tho' mean our ski
 God sees the heart ; he judges by the will.

Men mutually helpful.

Nature expects mankind should share
 The duties of the public care.
 Who's born for sloth ? To some we find
 The ploughshare's annual toil assign'd.
 Some at the sounding anvil glow ;
 Some the swift sliding shuttle throw :
 Some, studious of the wind and tide,
 From pole to pole our commerce guide :

some, with genius more refin'd,
 head and tongue assist mankind.
 aiming at one common end,
 proves to all a needful friend.

To bless, is to be blest.

young, what lionest triumph flush'd my
 breast,
 't'ho' once known—"To bless is to be blest!
 the bending beggar on his way;
 were his feet, his tresses silver-gray;)
 and the keen pangs his aged spirit felt,
 on his tale with mute attention dwelt.
 his scrip I dropp'd my little store,
 apt to think that little was no more,
 ath'd his pray'r; "Long may such goodness
 live!"

all he gave, 'twas all he had to give.

Epitaph on a young woman.

of life she wisely sought her God;
 the straight path of thorny virtue trod.
 so oblige, too gentle to offend;
 I by all, to all the good a friend:
 and she censur'd by her life alone;
 to their faults, severe upon her own:
 hers' griefs a tender part she bore;
 with the needy shar'd her little store:
 once view'd the world with pious dread;
 God's temple for protection fled;
 sought that peace which Heav'n alone can
 give;
 earn'd to die ere others learn to live.

CHAPTER II.

NARRATIVE PIECES.

SECTION I.

The looking-glass ; or, ill-humour corrected.

THERE was a little stubborn dame,
Whom no authority could tame :
Restive by long indulgence grown,
No will she minded but her own :
At trifles oft she'd scold and fret ;
Then in a corner take a seat,
And sourly moping all the day,
Disdain alike to work or play.
Papa all softer arts had tried,
And sharper remedies applied ;
But both were vain ; for ev'ry course
He took, still made her worse and worse.
Mamma observ'd the rising lass,
By stealth retiring to the glass,
To practise little airs unseen,
In the true genius of thirteen :
On this a deep design she laid
To tame the humour of the maid ;
Contriving, like a prudent mother,
To make one folly cure another,
Upon the wall against the seat
Which Jessy us'd for her retreat,
Whene'er by accident offended,
A Looking-glass was straight suspended ;
That it might show her how deform'd
She look'd, and frightful, when she storm'd ;
And warn her, as she priz'd her beauty,
To bend her humour to her duty.
All this the Looking-glass achiev'd ;
Its threats were minded, and believ'd.

The maid, who spurn'd at all advice,
 Grew tame and gentle in a trice:
 So when all other means had fail'd,
 The silent monitor prevail'd. WILKIE.

SECTION II.

*The Butterfly and the Snail; or, elevation renders
 little minds proud and insolent.*

ALL upstarts insolent in place,
 Remind us of their vulgar race.
 As in the sunshine of the morn,
 A Butterfly (but newly born)
 Sat proudly perking on a rose;
 With pert conceit his bosom glows;
 His wings (all glorious to behold)
 Bedropt with azure, jet and gold,
 Wide he displays; the spangled dew
 Reflects his eyes, and various hue.
 His now forgotten friend, a Snail,
 Beneath his house, with slimy trail
 Crawls o'er the grass; whom when he spies,
 In wrath he to the gard'ner cries:
 "What means yon peasant's daily toil,
 From choking weeds to rid the soil?
 Why wake you to the morning's care?
 Why with new arts correct the year?
 Why grows the peach with crimson hue?
 And why the plum's inviting blue?
 Were they to feast his taste design'd,
 That vermine of voracious kind?
 Crush then the slow, the pilf'ring race;
 So purge thy garden from disgrace."
 "What arrogance!" the snail replied;
 "How insolent is upstart pride!
 Hadst thou not thus with insult vain
 Provok'd my patience to complain,

CHAPTER II.

NARRATIVE PIECES.

SECTION I.

The looking-glass ; or, ill-humour corrected

THERE was a little stubborn dame,
Whom no authority could tame :
Restive by long indulgence grown,
NOW will she minded but her own :
At trifles oft she'd scold and fret ;
Then in a corner take a seat,
And sourly moping all the day,
Disdain alike to work or play.
Papa all softer arts had tried,
And sharper remedies applied ;
But both were vain ; for ev'ry course
He took, still made her worse and worse.
Mamma observ'd the rising lass,
By stealth retiring to the glass,
To practise little airs unseen,
In the true genius of thirteen :
On this a deep design she laid
To tame the humour of the maid ;
Contriving, like a prudent mother,
To make one folly cure another,
Upon the wall against the seat
Which Jessy us'd for her retreat,
Whene'er by accident offended,
A Looking-glass was straight suspended ;
That it might show her how deform'd
She look'd, and frightful, when she storm'd
And warn her, as she priz'd her beauty,
To bend her humour to her duty.
All this the Looking-glass achiev'd ;
Its threats were minded, and believ'd.

The maid, who spurn'd at all advice,
 Grew tame and gentle in a trice :
 So when all other means had fail'd,
 'The silent monitor prevail'd. WILKIE.

SECTION II.

*The Butterfly and the Snail; or, elevation renders
 little minds proud and insolent.*

ALL upstarts insolent in place,
 Remind us of their vulgar race.
 As in the sunshine of the morn,
 A Butterfly (but newly born)
 Sat proudly perking on a rose ;
 With pert conceit his bosom glows ;
 His wings (all glorious to behold)
 Bedropt with azure, jet and gold,
 Wide he displays ; the spangled dew
 Reflects his eyes, and various hue.
 His now forgotten friend, a Snail,
 Beneath his house, with slimy trail
 Crawls o'er the grass ; whom when he spies,
 In wrath he to the gard'ner cries :
 "What means yon peasant's daily toil,
 From choking weeds to rid the soil ?
 Why wake you to the morning's care ?
 Why with new arts correct the year ?
 Why grows the peach with crimson hue ?
 And why the plum's inviting blue ?
 Were they to feast his taste design'd,
 That vermine of voracious kind ?
 Crush then the slow, the pilf'ring race ;
 So purge thy garden from disgrace."
 "What arrogance !" the snail replied ;
 "How insolent is upstart pride !
 Hadst thou not thus with insult vain
 Provok'd my patience to complain,

I had conceal'd thy meaner birth,
 Nor trac'd thee to the scum of earth.
 For scarce nine suns have wak'd the hours,
 To swell the fruit, and paint the flow'rs,
 Since I thy humbler life survey'd,
 In base and sordid guise array'd :
 A hideous insect, vile, unclean,
 You dragg'd a slow and noisome train ;
 And from your spider bowels drew
 Foul film, and spun the dirty clue.
 I own my humble life, good friend ;
 Snail was I born, and Snail shall end.
 And what's a butterfly ? At best,
 He's but a caterpillar drest :
 And all thy race (a numerous seed)
 Shall prove of caterpillar breed.

GAY

SECTION III.

The Brother and Sister ; or, mental excellence superior to personal beauty.

WARN'D by our counsel oft beware,
 And look into yourself with care.
 There was a certain father had
 A homely girl and comely lad.
 These being at their childish play
 Within their mother's room one day,
 A looking-glass was in the chair,
 And they beheld their faces there.
 The boy grows prouder as he looks ;
 The girl is in a rage, nor brooks
 Her boasting brother's jests and sneers,
 Affronted at each word she hears.
 Then to her father down she flies,
 And urges all she can devise
 Against the boy, who could presume
 To meddle in a lady's room.

which, embracing each in turn
 th most affectionate concern,
 fy dears," said he, "you must **not pass**
 lay without this useful glass ;
 a, lest you spoil a pretty face,
 doing things to your disgrace—
 a, by good conduct to correct
 ar form, and beautify defect." **SMART.**

SECTION IV.

Lamb and the Pig; or, nature and education.

RESULT the moralist, you'll find,
 at education forms the mind.
 : education ne'er supplied
 at ruling nature has denied.
 ou'll the following page pursue,
 tale shall prove this doctrine true.
 Since to the muse all brutes belong,
 e lamb shall usher in my song ;
 ose snowy fleece adorn'd her skin,
 blem of native white within.
 skness and love possess'd her soul,
 Innocence had crown'd the whole.
 hanc'd upon a luckless day,
 e little wanton, full of play,
 oic'd a thimby bank to gam ;
 short the triumphs of her reign ;
 e treacherous slopes her fate foretell,
 I soon the pretty trifter fell.
 eath, a dirty ditch impress'd
 mire upon her spotless vest.
 at greater ill could lamb betide,
 e butcher's barb'rous knife beside ?
 he shepherd, wounded with her cries,
 ight to the bleating sufferer flies.

The lambkin in his arms he took,
 And bore her to a neighb'ring brook.
 The silver stream her wool refin'd ;
 Her fleece in virgin whiteness shin'd.
 Cleans'd from pollution's every stain,
 She join'd her fellows on the plain ;
 And saw afar the stinking shore,
 But ne'er approach'd those dangers more.
 The shepherd bless'd the kind event,
 And view'd his flock with sweet content.

To market next he shap'd his way,
 And bought provisions for the day :
 But made, for winter's rich supply,
 A purchase from a farmer's sty.
 The children round their parent crowd ;
 And testify their mirth aloud.
 They saw the stranger with surprise,
 And all admired his little eyes.
 Familiar grown, he shar'd their joys ;
 Shar'd too the porridge with the boys.
 The females o'er his dress preside ;
 They wash his face and scour his hide.
 But daily more a swine he grew,
 For all these housewives e'er could do.

COTTON

SECTION V.

*The Bee and the Ant ; or, the advantages of
 plication and diligence in early years.*

On a bright dewy summer's morn
 A Bee rang'd o'er the verdant lawn ;
 Studious to husband ev'ry hour,
 And make the most of ev'ry flow'r.
 Nimble from stalk to stalk she flies,
 And loads with yellow wax her thighs ;
 With which the artist builds her comb,
 And keeps all tight and warm at home :

Or from the cowslip's golden bells
 Sucks honey to enrich her cells;
 Or ev'ry tempting rose pursues,
 Or sips the lily's fragrant dew;
 Yet never robs the shining bloom,
 Or of its beauty, or perfume.
 Thus she discharg'd, in ev'ry way,
 The various duties of the day.

It chanc'd a frugal ant was near,
 Whose brow was furrow'd o'er by care:

A great economist was she;
 Nor less laborious than the Bee;
 By pensive parents often taught
 What ills arise from want of thought;
 That poverty on sloth depends,
 On poverty the loss of friends.
 Hence ev'ry day the Ant is found
 With anxious steps to tread the ground;
 With curious search to trace the grain,
 And drag the heavy load with pain.

The active Bee with pleasure saw
 The Ant fulfil her parent's law.
 Ah! sister-labourer, says she,
 How very fortunate are we!
 Who, taught in infancy to know
 The comforts which from labour flow,
 Are independent of the great,
 Nor know the wants of pride and state.
 Why is our food so very sweet?
 Because we earn before we eat.
 Why are our wants so very few?
 Because we nature's calls pursue.
 Whence our complacency of mind?
 Because we act our parts assign'd.
 Have we incessant tasks to do?
 Is not all nature busy too?
 Does not the sun with constant pace
 Persist to run his annual race?

Do not the stars, which shine so bright,
 Renew their courses ev'ry night?
 Does not the ox obedient bow
 His patient neck, and draw the plough?
 Or when did e'er the gen'rous steed
 Withhold his labour or his speed? COTTE

SECTION VI.

The Doves.

REAS'NING at ev'ry step he treads,
 Man yet mistakes his way,
 While meaner things, whom instinct leads,
 Are rarely known to stray.

One silent eve I wander'd late,
 And heard the voice of love;
 The turtle thus address'd her mate,
 And sooth'd the list'ning dove:

“ Our mutual bond of faith and truth,
 No time shall disengage;
 Those blessings of our early youth,
 Shall cheer our latest age.

While innocence without disguise,
 And constancy sincere,
 Shall fill the circles of those eyes,
 And mine can read them there;

Those ills that wait on all below
 Shall ne'er be felt by me,
 Or, gently felt, and only so,
 As being shar'd with thee.

When lightnings flash among the trees,
 Or kites are hov'ring near,

or lest thee alone they seize,
and know no other fear.

then I feel myself a wife,
and press thy wedded side,
old'd a union form'd for life
death never shall divide.

oh! if, fickle and unchaste,
forgive a transient thought,
thou couldst become unkind at last,
and scorn thy present lot,

need of lightnings from on high,
or kites with cruel beak;
died th' endearments of thine eye,
his widow'd heart would break."

as sang the sweet sequester'd bird,
soft as the passing wind;
I recorded what I heard—
lesson for mankind.

COWPER.

SECTION VII.

The Goldfinches.

in a garden, on a currant bush,
the Goldfinches had built their airy seat;
next orchard liv'd a friendly thrush,
distant far, a woodlark's soft retreat.

blest with ease, and in each other blest,
in early songs they wak'd the neighb'ring
groves;
time matur'd their joy, and crown'd their nest
in infant pledges of their faithful loves.

now, what transport glow'd in either's eye!
at equal fondness dealt th' allotted food!

What joy each other's likeness to descry,
And future sonnets in the chirping brood !

But ah ! what earthly happiness can last ?
How does the fairest purpose often fail !
A truant school-boy's wantonness could blast
Their flattering hopes, and leave them both
wail.

The most ungentle of his tribe was he ;
No gen'rous precept ever touch'd his heart
With concord false, and hideous prosody,
He scrawl'd his task, and blunder'd o'er his

On mischief bent, he mark'd with rav'nous eye
Where, wrapt in down, the callow songsters
Then rushing, rudely seiz'd the glitt'ring prize
And bore it in his impious hands away !

But how shall I describe, in numbers rude,
The pangs for poor Chrysomitris decreed,
When, from her secret stand, aghast, she view'd
The cruel spoiler perpetrate the deed ?

" O grief of griefs !" with shrieking voice she cry'd
" What sight is this that I have lived to see
O ! that I had in youth's fair season died,
From all false joys, and bitter sorrows free.

Was it for this, alas ! with weary bill,
Was it for this I pois'd th' unwieldy straw ;
For this I bore the moss from yonder hill,
Nor shunn'd the pond'rous stick along to draw

Was it for this I pick'd the wool with care,
Intent with nicer skill our work to crown ;
For this, with pain, I bent the stubborn hair,
And lin'd our cradle with the thistle's down



155

for this my freedom I resign'd,
ceas'd to rove at large from plain to plain;
as I sat at home whole days coffin'd,
near the scorching heat, and pealing rain?

for this my watchful eyes grew dim?
his the roses on my cheek turn pale;
my golden plumage, once so trim!
all my wonted mirth and spirits fail!"

ung the mournful bird her piteous tale!—
piteous tale her mournful mate return'd:
side by side they sought the distant vale;
there in secret sadness inly mourn'd.

JAGO.

SECTION VIII.

The pet Lamb.

ew was falling fast, the stars began to blink;
l a voice; it said, "Drink, pretty creature,
drink!"

ooking o'er the hedge, before me I espied,
w-white mountain Lamb, with a maiden at
its side.

er sheep were near, the Lamb was all alone,
y a slender cord was tether'd to a stone;
one knee on the grass did the little maiden
kneel,
to the mountain Lamb she gave its evening
meal.

little Barbara Lethwaite, a child of beauty
rare:
h'd them with delight; they were a lovely
pair.

And now with empty can, the maiden turn'd away;
But ere ten yards were gone her footsteps did she
stay.

Towards the Lamb she look'd, and from that shady
place
I unobserv'd could see the workings of her face:
If nature to her tongue could measur'd numbers
bring,
Thus, thought I, to her Lamb that little maid
would sing.

“What ails thee, young one? what? why pull'st
at thy cord?
Is it not well with thee? well both for bed and
board?
Thy plot of grass is soft, and green as grass can be;
Rest, little young one, rest; what is't that aileth
thee?

What is it thou wouldst seek? What's wanting in
thy heart?
Thy limbs, are they not strong? and beautiful thou
art:
This grass is tender grass; these flowers, they have
no peers;
And that green corn all day is rustling in thy ear.
If the sun is shining hot, do but stretch thy woollen
chain,
This beech is standing by, its covert thou canst
gain:
For rain and mountain storms, the like thou need'st
not fear;
The rain and storm are things which scarcely can
come here.

Rest, little young one, rest; thou hast forgot the
day
When my father found thee first, in places far awa



157

her flocks were on the hills, but thou wert own'd
by none,
thy mother from thy side for evermore was
gone.

Look thee in his arms, and in pity brought thee
home :

Wouldst thou for thee ! then whither wouldst thou
roam ?

Thy faithful nurse thou hast ; the dam that did thee
reare

on the mountain tops, no kinder could have been.

I know'st that, twice a day, I've brought thee
in this can

Water from the brook, as clear as ever ran :
twice in the day, when the ground is wet
with dew,

Bring thee draughts of milk, warm milk it is and
new.

Will not, will not rest !—Poor creature can it be
'Tis thy mother's heart, which is working so
in thee ?

Things that I know not of perhaps to thee are dear,
dreams of things which thou canst neither see
nor hear.

! the mountain tops that look so green and
fair ;—

Award of fearful winds and darkness that come
there :

Little brooks, that seem all pastime and all
play,

When they are angry, roar like lions for their
prey.

Thou need'st not dread the raven in the sky ;
Will not come to thee ; our cottage is hard by.

And now with empty can, the maiden turn'd away;
But ere ten yards were gone her footsteps did she
stay.

Towards the Lamb she look'd, and from that shady
place
I unobserv'd could see the workings of her face:
If nature to her tongue could measur'd numbers
bring,
Thus, thought I, to her Lamb that little maid
would sing.

“What ails thee, young one? what? why pull'st
at thy cord?
Is it not well with thee? well both for bed and
board?
Thy plot of grass is soft, and green as grass can be:
Rest, little young one, rest; what is't that ails
thee?

What is it thou wouldst seek? What's wanting
thy heart?
Thy limbs, are they not strong? and beautiful thou
art:
This grass is tender grass; these flowers, they have
no peers;
And that green corn all day is rustling in thy ear:
If the sun is shining hot, do but stretch thy woollen
chain,
This beech is standing by, its covert thou canst
gain:
For rain and mountain storms, the like thou need'st
not fear;
The rain and storm are things which scarcely
come here.

Rest, little young one, rest; thou hast forgot the
day
When my father found thee first, in places far and



157

! flocks were on the hills, but thou wert own'd
by none,
thy mother from thy side for evermore was
gone.

! took thee in his arms, and in pity brought thee
home :
! sssed day for thee ! then whither wouldst thou
roam ?

! thful nurse thou hast ; the dam that did thee
yearn
! the mountain tops, no kinder could have been.

! know'st that, twice a day, I've brought thee
in this can

! water from the brook, as clear as ever ran :
twice in the day, when the ground is wet
with dew,

! g thee draughts of milk, warm milk it is and
new.

! ll not, will not rest !—Poor creature can it be
'tis thy mother's heart, which is working so
in thee ?

! gs that I know not of perhaps to thee are dear,
dreams of things which thou canst neither see
nor hear.

! the mountain tops that look so green and
fair ;—

! heard of fearful winds and darkness that come
there :

! little brooks, that seem all pastime and all
play,

! n they are angry, roar like lions for their
prey.

! thou need'st not dread the raven in the sky ;
! ill not come to thee ; our cottage is hard by.

Night and day thou art safe as living thing can
Be happy then and rest; what is't that ail
thee?" WORDSWORTH

SECTION IX.

The Farmer, the Spaniel, and the Cat.

As at his board a farmer sat,
Replenish'd by his homely treat,
His fav'rite Spaniel near him stood,
And with his master shar'd the food;
The crackling bones his jaws devour'd,
His lapping tongue the trenchers scour'd;
Till, sated now, supine he lay,
And snor'd the rising fumes away.

The hungry Cat, in turn drew near,
And humbly crav'd a servant's share.
Her modest worth the master knew,
And straight the fatt'ning morsel threw.
Enrag'd, the snarling cur awoke,
And thus with spiteful envy spoke:
"They only claim a right to eat,
Who earn by services their meat;
Me, zeal and industry inflame
To scour the fields, and spring the game;
Or, plunged in the wint'ry wave,
For man the wounded bird to save.
With watchful diligence I keep
From prowling wolves his fleecy sheep;
At home his midnight hours secure,
And drive the robber from the door.
For this his breast with kindness glows,
For this his hand the food bestows.
And shall thy indolence impart
A warmer friendship to his heart,
That thus he robs me of my due,
To pamper such vile things as you!"



159

"I own," with meekness Puss replied,
"Superior merit on your side ;
Nor does my breast with envy swell,
To find it recompens'd so well :
Yet I, in what my nature can,
Contribute to the good of man.
Whose claws destroy the pilf'ring mouse ?
Who drives the vermin from the house ?
Or, watchful for the lab'ring swain,
From lurking rats secures the grain ?
From hence if he rewards bestow,
Why should your heart with gall o'erflow ?
Why pine my happiness to see,
Since there's enough for you and me ?"
"Thy words are just," the Farmer cried,
And spurn'd the suarler from his side.

MOORE.

SECTION. X.

The Wheat and the Weeds.

'Twas in a pleasant month of spring,
When flow'rets bloom and warblers sing ;
A field of wheat began to rise,
The farmer's hope, his country's prize.
When lo ! amid the op'ning ears,
A various crop of weeds appears.
The poppy, soldier-like array'd,
Its flimsy scarlet flow'rs display'd.
Some, like the lofty sky, were blue ;
And some were ting'd with golden hue ;
But ev'ry where the wheat was seen,
Clad in one robe of modest green.
It chanc'd three youths in city bred,
That knew to eat, not raise their bread,
For pleasure's sake, had rambled there,
To see the sun, and breathe the fresh air.

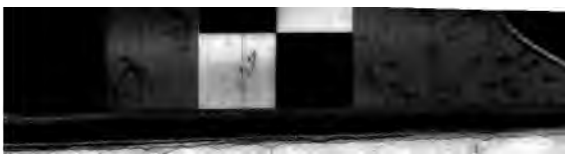
Of herbs and grain they little knew,
 What Linnæus wrote, or Sinclair grew:
 But each, as o'er the field they gaz'd,
 What fancy led to, pluck'd and prais'd.
 "See," said the first, "this flow'r so red,
 That gently bows its blushing head:
 Can the whole field a plant display,
 So rich, so noble, and so gay?"

"Yes," said the next, "the flow'r I show,
 With star-like rays, and sky-like blue,
 So much does your dull plant outshine,
 That the best choice is surely mine."

"Stop," said the third, "the flow'r I hold,
 With cluster'd leaves of burnish'd gold,
 Than yours or his, is richer drest:
 The choice I've made, it doubtless best."
 In this, however, each agreed,
 That nothing could his own exceed;
 And that the rising blades of green,
 Did not deserve to grow between.

A Farmer chanc'd behind the gate
 To overhear the youths' debate;
 Knowing from ign'rance error springs,
 He strove to teach them better things.

"My lads," he said, "now understand,
 These are but weeds that spoil our land;
 But the green blades you trample down
 Are wheat, man's food, and nature's crown.
 With art and pains the crop is sown;
 And thus your daily bread is grown.
 Alas! your judgment was not right,
 Because you judg'd from outward sight."



SECTION XI.

Economy the source of charity.

By gen'rous goodness taught, my early youth
Soon learnt humanity.—My parents died—
Orphans have claims on charitable souls ;
The pious Edgar thought so : mov'd, perhaps,
By the soft eloquence of infant tears,
Perchance by nature prompted, to his roof
He led the fatherless.—It was the seat
Of nuptial happiness : a rustic cot,
Small, yet convenient, for their wants were few :
And Edgar, knowing what all men should learn,
Was with his lot contented.—Happy state !
Labour he plied for exercise, not gain.
At early dawn, he led me to the field ;
And, drawing morals from each task he took,
Told me, “ that ev'ry seed, well sown on earth,
Would yield full harvest in that awful day,
When all arrears of labour shall be paid ;
Each well-meant toil rewarded.”—Once, per-
chance,
I found him busied near a murm'ring rill :
To various little streams he turn'd its source,
Where, wand'ring devious through his neat dress'd
grounds,
It cheer'd the green copse, fill'd the earing corn ;
Then trickled gently through the perfum'd grove.
“ Mark well, my child,” he said ; “ this little
stream
Shall teach thee Charity. It is a source
I never knew to fail : directed thus
Be that soft stream, the fountain of thy heart.
For, Oh ! my much lov'd child, I trust thy heart
Has those affections that shall bless thyself ;
And flowing softly, like this little rill,

Cheer all that droop."—The good man did not err ;
 The milk of human-kindness warm'd my breast ;
 Young as I was, I felt for others' woes,
 And, when I could, relieved them.—Yet I was
 young !

And, having lavish'd all my infant store
 In gewgaw toys, and childish fooleries,
 I do remember well, a vet'ran old,
 Maim'd and disfigur'd by the hand of war,
 Implor'd my charity. I felt, alas !
 His various wants—sore, sick, and wan, he seem'd :
 My little heart bled at each wound he show'd.
 Alas ! alas ! replied my infant thoughts,
 And shall want cloud the evening of his days
 Whose noon of life was toil ?—And then I wept.—
 It was the first time that I e'er knew want ;
 I was indeed a bankrupt. Edgar came.
 I wept, but spoke not ; for my heart was full.
 "What wilt thou give, my boy ?"—Fearing a lie,
 I sobb'd out truth most sadly. Edgar felt ;
 Pardon'd my folly ; (for he lov'd my tears ;)
 And gave what sooth'd the poor man's misery.
 But, in our ev'ning's walk, behold ! the stream
 Was dry. I ask'd the cause—"Mark me, my
 child ;

This rill, I told thee oft, through all thy life,
 Should teach thee Charity.—Now let it teach,
 If yet thou hast to learn, that the bless'd source
 Of lib'ral deeds is, wise Economy.
 This morn, like thee, I drew the stream too fast :
 Now—when the parch'd glebe wants its wat'ry aid,
 The source is all exhausted."



CHAPTER III.

DIDACTIC PIECES.

SECTION I.

To some children listening to a lark.

SEE the lark prunes his active wings,
Rises to heav'n, and soars, and sings !
His morning hymns, his mid-day lays,
Are one continued song of praise.
He speaks his Maker all he can,
And shames the silent tongue of man.
When the declining orb of light
Reminds him of approaching night,
His warbling vespers swell his breast ;
And, as he sings, he sinks to rest.
Shall birds instructive lessons teach,
And we be deaf to what they preach ?—
No, ye dear nestlings of my heart ;
Go, act the wiser songster's part :
Spurn your warm couch at early dawn,
And with your God begin the morn.
To Him your grateful tribute pay,
Through ev'ry period of the day.
To him your ev'ning songs direct ;
His eye shall watch, his arm protect :
Though darkness reigns, he's with you still ;
Then sleep, my babes, and fear no ill.

COTTON.

SECTION II.

The advantages of early religion.

HAPPY the child, whose tender years,
Receive instruction well ;

Who hates the sinner's path, and fears
The road that leads to hell.

When we give up our youth to God,
'Tis pleasing in his eyes;
A flow'r, that's offer'd in the bud,
Is no vain sacrifice.

'Tis easy work, if we begin
To fear the Lord betimes;
While sinners, who grow old in sin,
Are harden'd in their crimes.

'Twill save us from a thousand snares,
To mind religion young;
It will preserve our following years,
And make our virtue strong.

To thee, Almighty God! to thee
Our childhood we resign;
'Twill please us to look back and see
That our whole lives were thine.

Let the sweet work of prayer and praise
Employ our youngest breath;
Thus we're prepar'd for longer days,
Or fit for early death. WATTS.

SECTION III.

Peace and love recommended.

LET dogs delight to bark and bite,
For God has made them so;
Let bears and lions growl and fight,
For 'tis their nature too.

But, children, you should never let
Such angry passions rise;

Your little hands were never made
To tear each other's eyes.

Let love through all your actions run,
And all your words be mild;
Live like God's well beloved Son,
That sweet and lovely child.

His soul was gentle as a lamb;
And as in age he grew,
He grew in favour both with man,
And God his Father too.

The Lord of all who reigns above,
Does from his heav'nly throne,
Behold what children dwell in love,
And marks them for his own. WATTS.

SECTION IV.

To a young woman, with a watch.

WHILE this gay toy attracts thy sight,
Thy reason let it warn;
And seize, my dear, that rapid time,
That never must return.

If idly lost, no art or care
The blessing can restore;
And Heav'n requires a strict account
For ev'ry mispent hour.

Short is our longest day of life,
And soon its prospect ends,
Yet on that day's uncertain date,
Eternity depends.

But equal to our being's aim,
The space to virtue giv'n;
And ev'ry minute, well improv'd,
Secures an age in heav'n. CARTER.

SECTION V.

Verses accompanying a nosegay.

Thou can'st not steal the rose's bloom,
 To decorate thy face ;
 But the sweet blush of modesty,
 Will lend an equal grace.

These violets scent the distant gale :
 (They grew in lowly bed ;)
 So real worth new merit gains,
 By diffidence o'erspread.

Nor wilt thou e'er that lily's white,
 In thy complexion find ;
 Yet innocence may shine as fair,
 Within thy spotless mind.

Now, in the op'ning spring of life,
 Let ev'ry flow'ret bloom :
 The budding virtues in thy breast
 Shall yield the best perfume.

This nosegay, in thy bosom plac'd,
 A moral may convey :
 For soon its brightest tints shall fade,
 And all its sweets decay.

So short-liv'd are the lovely tribes
 Of Flora's transient reign ;
 They bud, blow, wither, fall and die ;
 Then turn to earth again.

And thus, my dear, must ev'ry charm,
 Which youth is proud to share ;
 Alike this quick succession prove,
 And the same truth declare.



167

ess will change the rostrate hue,
rich glowing health bespeaks ;
age will wrinkle with its cares
e smile on beauty's cheeks.

is that fragrant myrtle wreath,
ill all the rest survive ;
all the mental graces still,
rough endless ages live.

SECTION VI.

Duties of the Morning.

the time for sleep has run ;
before or with the sun.
thy hands and humbly pray,
fountain of eternal day,
t, as the light serenely fair,
nines all the tracts of air ;
sacred Spirit so may rest,
h quick'ning beams upon thy breast ;
kindly clean it all within,
n darker blemishes of sin :
shine with grace until we view
realm it gild with glory too.
the day that dawns in air,
gs along its toil and care.
n the lap of night it springs,
h heaps of business on its wings ;
pare to meet them in a mind,
it bows submissively resign'd :
it would to works appointed fall ;
it knows that God has order'd all.
l whether, with a small repast,
break the sober r. oring fast ;
in our thoughts and houses lay
e future methods of the day ;

Or early walk abroad to meet
 Our business with industrious feet:
 Whate'er we think, whate'er we do,
 His glory still be kept in view.
 O, Giver of eternal bliss,
 Heav'nly Father, grant me this!
 Grant it to all, as well as me,
 All whose hearts are fix'd on thee;
 Who revere the Son above;
 Who thy sacred Spirit love! PART

SECTION VII.

The mind to be cultivated.

HEAR, ye fair mothers of our isle,
 Nor scorn your poet's homely style.
 What tho' my thoughts be quaint or new
 I'll warrant that my doctrine's true:
 Or if my sentiments be old,
 Remember, truth is sterling gold.

You judge it of important weight,
 To keep your rising offspring straight:
 For this such anxious motions feel,
 And ask the friendly aid of steel;
 For this import the distant cane,
 Or slay the monarch of the main.
 And shall the soul be warp'd aside,
 By passion, prejudice, and pride?
 Deformity of heart I call
 The worst deformity of all.
 Your cares to body are confin'd;
 Few fear obliquity of mind.
 Why not adorn the better part?
 This is a nobler theme for art.
 For what is form, or what is face?
 But the soul's index, or its case?

Now take a similitude at hand;
 Compare the mental soil to land.



169

fields be till'd with annual care,
minds lie fallow ev'ry year?
once the crop depends on you,
then the culture which is due:
ev'ry weed, and dress the soil;
reap shall repay your toil.
man minds resemble trees,
ev'ry moralist agrees,
prune all the stragglers of your vine;
then shall the purple clusters shine.
The gard'ner knows, that fruitful life
warrants his salutary knife:
every wild luxuriant shoot,
he prunes the bloom, or starves the fruit.

COTTON.

SECTION VIII.

Dependence on Providence.

REGARD the world with cautious eye,
raise your expectation high.
That the balanc'd scales be such,
neither fear nor hope too much.
Disappointment's not the thing;
pride and passion point the sting.
Life is a sea where storms must rise;
folly talks of cloudless skies:
Who contracts his swelling sail,
feels the fury of the gale.
Be still, nor anxious thoughts employ;
Trust embitters present joy:
On God for all events depend;
You cannot wait when God's your friend.
Do your best, and do your part;
Leave to your Maker all the rest.
The hand which form'd thee in the womb,
conducts thee from the cradle to the tomb.

Can the fond mother slight her boy ;
 Can she forget her prattling joy ?
 Say, then, shall sovereign Love desert
 The humble, and the honest heart ?
 Heav'n may not grant thee all thy mind ;
 Yet say not thou that Heav'n's unkind.
 God is alike, both good and wise,
 In what he grants, and what denies :
 Perhaps, what Goodness gives to-day,
 To-morrow, Goodness takes away.

You say, that troubles intervene ;
 That sorrows darken half the scene.
 True—and this consequence you see,
 The world was ne'er design'd for thee :
 You're like a passenger below,
 That stays perhaps a night or so ;
 But still his native country lies
 Beyond the bound'ries of the skies.

Of Heav'n ask virtue, wisdom, health ;
 But never let thy pray'r be wealth.
 If food be thine, (though little gold,)
 And raiment to repel the cold ;
 Such as may nature's wants suffice,
 Not what from pride and folly rise ;
 If soft the motions of thy soul,
 And a calm conscience crowns the whole ;
 Add but a friend to all this store,
 You can't in reason wish for more :
 And if kind Heav'n this comfort brings,
 'Tis more than Heav'n bestows on kings.

COTTO:

CHAPTER V.

PROMISCUOUS PIECES.

SECTION I.

Gratitude to the Supreme Being.

LOW cheerful along the gay mead,
 The daisy and cowslip appear !
 The flocks, as they carelessly feed,
 Rejoice in the spring of the year.

The myrtles that shade the gay bow'rs,
 The herbage that springs from the sod,
 Trees, plants, cooling fruits, and sweet flow'rs,
 All rise to the praise of my God.

Oh man, the great master of all,
 The only insensible prove ?
 Forbid it, fair Gratitude's call !
 Forbid it, devotion and love !

O LORD, who such wonders could raise,
 And still can destroy with a nod,
 Thy lips shall incessantly praise ;
 My heart shall rejoice in my God.

SECTION II.

Acknowledgment of Divine favours.

WHENE'ER I take my walks abroad,
 How many poor I see !
 What shall I render to my God,
 For all his gifts to me !

Can the fond mother slight her boy ;
 Can she forget her prattling joy ?
 Say, then, shall sovereign Love desert
 The humble, and the honest heart ?
 Heav'n may not grant thee all thy mind ;
 Yet say not thou that Heav'n's unkind.
 God is alike, both good and wise,
 In what he grants, and what denies :
 Perhaps, what Goodness gives to-day,
 To-morrow, Goodness takes away.

You say, that troubles intervene ;
 That sorrows darken half the scene.
 True—and this consequence you see,
 The world was ne'er design'd for thee :
 You're like a passenger below,
 That stays perhaps a night or so ;
 But still his native country lies
 Beyond the bound'ries of the skies.

Of Heav'n ask virtue, wisdom, health ;
 But never let thy pray'r be wealth.
 If food be thine, (though little gold,)
 And raiment to repel the cold ;
 Such as may nature's wants suffice,
 Not what from pride and folly rise ;
 If soft the motions of thy soul,
 And a calm conscience crowns the whole ;
 Add but a friend to all this store,
 You can't in reason wish for more :
 And if kind Heav'n this comfort brings,
 'Tis more than Heav'n bestows on kings.

COTTO

CHAPTER V.

PROMISCUOUS PIECES.

SECTION I.

Gratitude to the Supreme Being.

LOW cheerful along the gay mead,
 The daisy and cowslip appear!
 The flocks, as they carelessly feed,
 Rejoice in the spring of the year.

The myrtles that shade the gay bow'rs,
 The herbage that springs from the sod,
 The trees, plants, cooling fruits, and sweet flow'rs,
 All rise to the praise of my God.

Let all man, the great master of all,
 The only insensible prove?
 Forbid it, fair Gratitude's call!
 Forbid it, devotion and love!

Let the LORD, who such wonders could raise,
 And still can destroy with a nod,
 Thy lips shall incessantly praise;
 My heart shall rejoice in my God.

SECTION II.

Acknowledgment of Divine favours.

WHENE'ER I take my walks abroad,
 How many poor I see!
 What shall I render to my God,
 For all his gifts to me!

Not more than others I deserve,
 Yet God has giv'n me more ;
 For I have food, while others starve,
 Or beg from door to door.

How many children in the street,
 Half naked, I behold !
 While I am cloth'd from head to feet,
 And cover'd from the cold !

While some poor creatures scarce can tell,
 Where they may lay their head,
 I have a home wherein to dwell,
 And rest upon my bed.

While others early learn to swear,
 And curse, and lie, and steal,
 Lord ! I am taught thy name to fear,
 And do thy holy will.

Are these thy favours, day by day,
 To me above the rest ?
 Then let me love thee more than they,
 And try to serve thee best. WATTS.

SECTION III.

The excellence of the Bible.

GREAT GOD ! with wonder and with praise
 On all thy works I look ;
 But still thy wisdom, pow'r, and grace,
 Shine brightest in thy book.

The stars, which in their courses roll,
 Have much instruction given ;
 But thy good word informs my soul
 How I may get to heav'n.



181

The fields provide me food, and show
The goodness of the Lord ;
But fruits of life and glory grow
In thy most holy word.

Here are my choicest treasures hid,
Here my best comfort lies ;
Here my desires are satisfied,
And hence my hopes arise.

Lord ! make me understand thy law ;
Show what my faults have been ;
And from thy gospel let me draw
Pardon for all my sin.

For here I learn how Jesus died,
To save my soul from hell :
Not all the books on earth beside
Such heav'nly wonders tell.

Then let me love my Bible more,
And take a fresh delight,
By day to read these wonders o'er,
And meditate by night.

WATTS.

SECTION IV.

On Industry.

How does the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour ;
And gather honey all the day,
From ev'ry op'ning flow'r !

How skilfully she builds her cell !
How neatly spreads the wax !
And labours hard to store it well,
With the sweet food she makes.

Q

In works of labour, or of skill,
 I would be busy too ;
 For Satan finds some mischief still
 For idle hands to do.

In books, or work, or healthful play,
 Let my first years be past ;
 That I may give for ev'ry day
 Some good account at last.

WATT

SECTION V.

On early rising.

How foolish they who lengthen night,
 And slumber in the morning light !
 How sweet at early morning's rise,
 To view the glories of the skies,
 And mark with curious eye the sun
 Prepare his radiant course to run !
 Its fairest form then nature wears,
 And clad in brightest green appears.
 The sprightly lark, with artless lay,
 Proclaims the entrance of the day.
 How sweet to breathe the gale's perfume,
 And feast the eye with nature's bloom !
 Along the dewy lawn to rove,
 And hear the music of the grove !
 Nor you, ye delicate and fair,
 Neglect to taste the morning air ;
 This will your nerves with vigour brace,
 Improve and heighten ev'ry grace ;
 Add to your breath a rich perfume,
 And to your cheeks a fairer bloom
 With lustre teach your eyes to glow ;
 And health and cheerfulness bestow.

1822.101

SECTION VI.

The drowning fly.

yonder glass behold a drowning fly !
 A little feet how vainly does it ply !
 Oor helpless insect ! and will no one save ?
 Will no one snatch thee from the threat'ning grave ?
 My finger's top shall prove a friendly shore,—
 Here, trembler, all thy dangers now are o'er.
 Wipe thy wet wings, and banish all thy fear :
 No, join thy num'rous kindred in the air.
 Away it flies ; resumes its harmless play ;
 And lightly gambols in the golden ray.
 Smile not, spectators, at this humble deed ;
 Or you, perhaps, a nobler task's decreed ;
 Young and sinking family to save ;
 To raise the thoughtless from destruction's wave !
 O you, for help, the wretched lift their eyes :
 Ah ! hear, for pity's sake, their plaintive cries ;
 Ere long, unless some guardian interpose,
 Ere their devoted heads, the floods may close.

SECTION VII.

To a Redbreast.

LITTLE bird, with bosom red,
 Welcome to my humble shed !
 Daily near my table steal,
 While I pick my scanty meal.
 Doubt not, little though there be,
 But I'll cast a crumb to thee :
 Well rewarded, if I spy
 Pleasure in thy glancing eye ;
 See thee, when thou'st eat thy fill,
 Plume thy breast, and wipe thy bill.

Come, my feather'd friend, again !
 Well thou know'st the broken pane.
 Ask of me thy daily store ;
 Ever welcome to my door !

LANGHORI

SECTION VIII.

To a child five years old.

FAIREST flower, all flowers excelling,
 Which in Milton's page we see ;
 Flowers of Eve's imbower'd dwelling,
 Are, my fair one, types of thee.

Mark, my Polly, how the roses
 Emulate thy damask cheek ;
 How the bud its sweets discloses—
 Buds thy op'ning bloom bespeak.

Lilies are by plain direction
 Emblems of a double kind ;
 Emblems of thy fair complexion,
 Emblems of thy fairer mind.

But, dear girl, both flow'rs and beauty
 Blossom, fade, and die away :
 Then pursue good sense and duty,
 Evergreens, which ne'er decay !

COTTON

SECTION IX.

The Rose.

How fair is the rose ! what a beautiful flow'r !
 In summer so fragrant and gay !
 But the leaves are beginning to fade in an hour
 And they wither and die in a day.



185

et the rose has one pow'rful virtue to boast,
Above all the flow'rs of the field :
When its leaves are all dead, and fine colours lost,
Still how sweet a perfume it will yield !

o frail is the youth and the beauty of men,
Tho' they bloom and look gay like the rose ;
or all our fond care to preserve them is vain ;
Time kills them as fast as he goes.

hen I'll not be proud of my youth or my beauty,
Since both of them wither and fade ;
It gain a good name by performing my duty :
This will scent like a rose, when I'm dead.

WATTS.

SECTION X.

The Ant.

HESE emmets, how little they are in our eyes !
We tread them to dust, and a troop of them dies,
Without our regard or concern :
Not as wise as we are, if we went to their school,
There's many a sluggard, and many a fool,
Some lessons of wisdom might learn.

hey don't wear their time out in sleeping or play,
It gather up corn in a sun-shiny day,
And for winter they lay up their stores :
They manage their work in such regular forms,
We would think they foresaw all the frosts and
the storms ;
And so brought their food within doors.

at I have less sense than a poor creeping ant,
I take not due care for the things I shall want,
Nor provide against dangers in time

When death or old age shall stare in my face,
 What a wretch shall I be in the end of my days
 If I trifle away all their prime!

Now, now, while my strength and my youth are
 in bloom,
 Let me think what will serve me when sickness
 shall come,

And pray that my sins be forgiven:
 Let me read in good books, and believe and obey
 That, when death turns me out of this cottage and
 clay.

I may dwell in a palace in Heav'n. WATTS.

SECTION XI.

A morning hymn.

My God who makes the sun to know
 His proper hour to rise;
 And to give light to all below,
 Does send him round the skies.

When from the chambers of the east
 His morning race begins,
 He never tires, nor stops to rest;
 But round the world he shines.

So, like the sun, would I fulfil
 The business of the day:
 Begin my work betimes, and still
 March on my heavenly way.

Give me, O Lord, thy early grace;
 Nor let my soul complain,
 That the young morning of my days
 Has all been spent in vain. WATTS.

SECTION XII.

An evening hymn.

AND now another day is gone,
 I'll sing my makers praise :
 My comforts ev'ry hour make known
 His Providence and grace.

But how my childhood runs to waste
 My sins, how great their sum !
 Lord ! give me pardon for the past,
 And strength for days to come.

I lay my body down to sleep ;
 Let angels guard my head,
 And through the hours of darkness keep
 Their watch around my bed.

With cheerful heart I close my eyes,
 Since God will not remove ;
 And in the morning let me rise,
 Rejoicing in his love. WATTS.

SECTION XIII.

The winter's day.

WHEN raging storms deform the air,
 And clouds of snow descend ;
 And the wide landscape, bright and fair,
 No deepen'd colours blend ;

When biting frost rides on the wind,
 Bleak from the north and east,
 And wealth is at its ease reclin'd,
 Prepar'd to laugh and feast ;

When the poor trav'ler treads the plain,
 All dubious of his way,
 And crawls with night-increasing pain,
 And dreads the parting day ;

When poverty in vile attire,
 Shrinks from the biting blast,
 Or hovers o'er the pigmy fire,
 And fears it will not last ;

When the fond mother hugs her child
 Still closer to her breast ;
 And the poor infant, frost-beguil'd,
 Scarce feels that it is prest ;—

Then let your bounteous hand extend
 Its blessings to the poor ;
 Nor spurn the wretched, while they bend,
 All suppliant, at your door.

SECTION XIV.

Compassion and forgiveness.

I HEAR the voice of wo ;
 A brother mortal mourns :
 My eyes with tears, for tears o'erflow ;
 My heart his sighs returns.

I hear the thirsty cry ;
 The famish'd beg for bread :
 O let my spring its streams supply ;
 My hand its bounty shed.—

And shall not wrath relent,
 Touch'd by that humble strain,
 My brother crying, "I repent,
 No, will offend again?"

How else, on sprightly wing,
 Can hope bear high my pray'r,
 Up to thy throne, my God, my King,
 To plead for pardon there? SCOTT.

SECTION XV.

The ignorance of man.

BEHOLD yon new-born infant griev'd
 With hunger, thirst, and pain;
 That asks to have the wants relieved
 It knows not to complain.

Aloud the speechless suppliant cries,
 And utters, as it can,
 The woes that in its bosom rise,
 And speak its nature—man.

That infant whose advancing hour
 Life's various sorrows try,
 (Sad proof of sin's transmissive pow'r!)
 That infant, Lord, am I.

A childhood yet my thoughts confess,
 Though long in years mature;
 Unknowing whence I feel distress,
 And where, or what, its cure.

Author of good! to thee I turn:
 Thy ever-wakeful eye
 Alone can all my wants discern;
 Thy hand alone supply.

O let thy fear within me dwell;
 Thy love my footsteps guide:
 That love shall vainer loves expel;
 That fear all fears beside.

And oh! by error's force subdued,
 Since oft my stubborn will;

Prepost'rous shuns the latent good,
And grasps the specious ill ;

Not to my wish, but to my want,
Do thou thy gifts apply ;
Unask'd, what good thou knowest grant
What ill, tho' ask'd, deny. MERRI

SECTION XVI.

The happy choice.

BESET with snares on ev'ry hand,
In life's uncertain path I stand :
Father Divine ! diffuse thy light,
To guide my doubtful footsteps right.

Engage this frail, and wav'ring heart,
Wisely to choose the better part ;
To scorn the trifles of a day,
For joys that never fade away.

Then let the wildest storms arise ;
Let tempests mingle earth and skies :
No fatal shipwreck shall I fear ;
But all my treasures with me bear.

If thou, my Father ! still art nigh,
Cheerful I live, and peaceful die :
Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
To find ten thousand worlds in thee.

DODDRIDGE.

SECTION XVII.

The fall of the leaf.

SEE the leaves around us falling,
Dry and wither'd to the ground ;

Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,
In a sad and solemn sound :

“ Sons of Adam, (once in Eden,
When, like us, he blighted fell,)
Hear the lecture we are reading ;
’Tis, alas ! the truth we tell.

Virgins, much, too much presuming
On your boasted white and red :
View us late in beauty blooming,
Number’d now among the dead.

Youths, though yet no losses grieve you,
Gay in health, and many a grace ;
Let not cloudless skies deceive you ;
Summer gives to autumn place.

Yearly in our course returning,
Messengers of shortest stay ;
Thus we preach this truth concerning,
Heav’n and earth shall pass away.

On the tree of life eternal,
Man, let all thy hopes be staid ;
Which alone, for ever vernal,
Bears a leaf that shall not fade.”

DR. HORNE.

SECTION XVIII,

Trust in the goodness of God.

WHY, O my soul, why thus deprest,
And whence this anxious fear ?
Let former favours fix thy trust,
And check the rising tear.

When darkness and when sorrows rose,
And press’d on every side,

Did not the Lord sustain thy steps,
And was not God thy guide?

Affliction is a stormy deep,
Where wave resounds to wave :
Though o'er my head the billows roll,
I know the Lord can save.

Perhaps before the morning dawns,
He'll reinstate my peace ;
For he who bade the tempest roar,
Can bid the tempest cease.

In the dark watches of the night,
I'll count his mercies o'er :
I'll praise him for ten thousand past,
And humbly sue for more.

Then, O my soul, why thus deprest,
And whence this anxious fear ?
Let former favours fix thy trust,
And check the rising tear.

Here will I rest, and build my hopes,
Nor murmur at his rod ;
He's more than all the world to me,
My health, my life, my God. COTTON.

SECTION XIX.

The Christian race.

AWAKE, my soul, stretch ev'ry nerve,
And press with vigour on :
A heav'nly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

A cloud of witnesses around,
Hold thee in full survey :

Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

'Tis God's all-animating voice,
That calls thee from on high ;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye :

That prize with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast,
When victors' wreaths, and monarchs' gems,
Shall blend in common dust.

My soul, with sacred ardour fir'd,
The glorious prize pursue ;
And meet with joy the high command,
To bid this earth adieu. DODDRIDGE.

SECTION XX.

The dying Christian to his soul.

VITAL spark of heav'nly flame !
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame :
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying !
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

Hark ! they whisper ; angels say,
" Sister spirit, come away."—
What is this absorbs me quite ;
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath ?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death ?

The world recedes ; it disappears !
Heav'n opens on my eyes ! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring :—

R

Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
 O Grave! where is thy victory?
 O Death! where is thy sting? POPE.

SECTION XXI.

Epitaph on a poor and virtuous man.

STOP, reader, here, and deign to look
 On one without a name;
 Ne'er enter'd in the ample book
 Of fortune, or of fame.

Studious of peace, he hated strife;
 Meek virtues fill'd his breast:
 His coat of arms, "a spotless life;"
 "An honest heart," his crest.

Quarter'd therewith was innocence;
 And thus his motto ran:
 "A conscience void of all offence
 Before both God and man."

In the great day of wrath, though pride
 Now scorns his pedigree,
 Thousands shall wish they'd been allied
 To this great family.

SECTION XXII.

Love to enemies.

WHEN Christ, among the sons of men,
 In humble form was found,
 With cruel slanders, false and vain,
 He was encompass'd round.



195

The woes of men his pity mov'd :
Their peace he still pursu'd ;
They render'd hatred for his love,
And evil for his good.

Their malice rag'd without a cause,
Yet, with his dying breath,
He pray'd for murd'ers on his cross,
And bless'd his foes in death.

From the rich fountain of his love,
What streams of mercy flow !
" Father, forgive them," Jesus cries,
" They know not what they do."

Let not this bright example shine
In vain before our eyes !
Give us, great God, a soul like his,
To love our enemies.

WATTS.

SECTION XXIII.

The dangers and snares of life.

AWAKE, my soul ! lift up thine eyes ;
See where thy foes against thee rise,
In long array, a num'rous host !
Awake, my soul, or thou art lost.

Here giant danger threat'ning stands,
Must'ring his pale terrific bands ;
There pleasure's silken banners spread,
And willing souls are captive led.

See where rebellious passions rage,
And fierce desires and lusts engage ;
The meanest foe of all the train
Has thousands and ten thousands slain.

Thou tread'st upon enchanted ground ;
 Perils and snares beset thee round :
 Beware of all, guard ev'ry part,
 But most the traitor in thy heart.

Come then, my soul, now learn to wield
 The weight of thine immortal shield :
 Put on thy armour from above
 Of heav'nly truth and heav'nly love.

The terror and the charm repel,
 And pow'rs of earth, and pow'rs of hell :
 The Man of Calvary triumph'd here ;
 Why should his faithful followers fear ?

BARBAULD.

SECTION XXIV.

The Divine Being knows and sees every thing

LORD, thou hast search'd and seen me throug
 Thine eye beholds, with piercing view,
 My rising and my resting hours,
 My heart and flesh with all their pow'rs.

My thoughts, before they are my own,
 Are to my God distinctly known ;
 He knows the words I mean to speak,
 Ere from my op'ning lips they break.

Within thy circling pow'r I stand ;
 On ev'ry side I find thy hand :
 Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
 I am surrounded still with God.

Amazing knowledge, vast and great !
 What large extent ! what lofty height !
 My soul, with all the pow'rs I boast,
 Is in the boundless prospect lost.



197

O may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest !
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there.—

Could I so false, so faithless prove,
To quit thy service and thy love,
Where, Lord, could I thy presence shun,
Or from thy dreadful glory run ?

If up to heav'n I take my flight,
'Tis there thou dwell'st inthroned in light ;
Or dive to hell, there vengeance reigns,
And Satan groans beneath thy chains.

If, mounted on a morning ray,
I fly beyond the western sea,
Thy swifter hand would first arrive,
And there arrest thy fugitive.

Or should I try to shun thy sight,
Beneath the spreading veil of night ;
One glance of thine, one piercing ray,
Would kindle darkness into day.

Oh ! may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest ;
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there

WATTS.

SECTION XXV.

All nature attests the great Creator.

AST thou beheld the glorious sun,
Through all the sky his circuit run,
Rising morn, at closing day,
And when he beam'd his noontide ray ?

Y, didst thou e'er attentive view
The ev'ning cloud, or morning dew ?

Or, after rain, the wat'ry bow
Rise in the east, a beauteous show ;

When darkness had o'erspread the skies,
Hast thou e'er seen the moon arise ;
And with a mild and placid light,
Shed lustre o'er the face of night ?

Hast thou e'er wander'd o'er the plain,
And view'd the fields, and waving grain ;
The flow'ry mead, the leafy grove,
Where all is melody and love ?

Hast thou e'er trod the sandy shore,
And heard the restless ocean roar,
When, rous'd by some tremendous storm,
Its billows roll in dreadful form ?

Hast thou beheld the lightening stream,
Thro' night's dark gloom with sudden gleam ;
While the bellowing thunder's sound
Rool'd rattling thro' the heav'ns profound ?

Hast thou e'er felt the cutting gale,
The sleety show'r the biting hail ;
Beheld bright snow o'erspread the plains ;
The water, bound in icy chains ?

Hast thou the various beings seen,
That sport along the valley green ;
That sweetly warble on the spray,
Or wanton in the sunny ray ;

That shoot along the briny deep,
Or under ground their dwellings keep ;
That thro' the gloomy forest range,
Or frightful wilds and deserts strange ?

Hast thou the wond'rous scenes survey'd
That all around thee are display'd ?
And hast thou never rais'd thine eyes
To HIM who caus'd these scenes to rise ?



'Twas GOD who form'd the concave sky,
And all the shining orbs on high :
Who gave the various beings birth,
That people all the spacious earth.

'Tis HE that bids the tempests rise,
And rolls the thunder through the skies.
His voice the elements obey :
Thro' all the earth extends his sway.

His goodness all his creatures share :
But man as his peculiar care.—
Then, while they all proclaim his praise,
Let man his voice the lowdest raise.

SECTION XXVI.

Praise due to God for his wonderful works.

MY God ! all nature owns thy sway ;
Thou giv'st the night, and thou the day !
When all thy lov'd creation wakes,
When morning, rich in lustre, breaks,
And bathes in dew the op'ning flow'r,
To thee we owe her fragrant hour ;
And when she pours her choral song,
Her melodies to thee belong !
Or when, in paler tints array'd,
The ev'ning slowly spreads her shade ;
That soothing shade, that grateful gloom,
Can, more than day's enliv'ning bloom,
Still ev'ry fond and vain desire,
And calmer, purer thoughts inspire ;
From earth the pensive spirit free,
And lead the soften'd heart to thee.

In ev'ry scene thy hands have dress'd,
In ev'ry form by thee impress'd,
Upon the mountain's awful head,
Or where the sheltring woods are spread ;
In ev'ry note that swells the gale,



Or tuneful stream that cheers the vale,
 The cavern's depth, or echoing grove,
 A voice is heard of praise, and love.
 As o'er thy work the seasons rool,
 And sooth, with change of bliss, the soul,
 O never may their smiling train
 Pass o'er the human scene in vain !
 But oft, as on the charm we gaze,
 Attune the won'dring soul to praise ;
 And be the joys that most we prize
 The joys that from thy favour rise !

WILLIAMS

SECTION XXVII.

The happy end.

WHEN life's tempestuous storms are o'er,
 How calm he meets the friendly shore,
 Who liv'd averse to sin !
 Such peace on virtue's path attends,
 That, where the sinner's pleasure ends,
 The good man's joys begin.

See smiling patience smooth his brow !
 See the kind angels waiting now,
 To lift his soul on high !
 While eager for the blest abode,
 He joins with them to praise the God,
 Who taught him how to die.

The horrors of the grave and hell,
 Those sorrows which the wicked feel,
 In vain their gloom display ;
 For he who bids yon comet burn,
 Or makes the night descend, can turn
 Their darkness into day.

No sorrows drown his lifted eyes ;
 No horror wrests the struggling sighs ;
 As from the sinner's breast :

His God, the God of peace and love,
Pours sweetest comforts from above,
And soothes his heart to rest !

SECTION XXVIII.

*kind and gentle temper of great importance to
the happiness of life.*

Small trifles make the sum of human things,
And half our mis'ry from our foibles springs ;
All life's best joys consist in peace and ease,
And few can save, or serve, but all can please ;
O ! let th' ungentle spirit learn from hence,
Small unkindness is a great offence.
Large bounties to bestow, we wish in vain :
It all may shun the guilt of giving pain.
To bless mankind with tides of flowing wealth,
With pow'r to grace them, or to crown with health,
Or little lot denies ; but heaven decrees
To all the gift of minist'ring to ease.
The gentle offices of patient love,
Beyond all flat'ry and all price above ;
The mild forbearance of another's fault ;
The taunting word suppress'd as soon as thought :
On these Heav'n bade the sweets of life depend ;
And crush'd ill fortune when it made a friend.
A solitary blessing few can find ;
Our joys with those we love are interwin'd :
And he whose wakefull tenderness removes
His obstructing thorn which wounds the friend he
loves,
Leaves not another's rugged path alone,
But scatters roses to adorn his own.
Small slights, contempt, neglect, unmixt with
hate,
Make up in number what they want in weight :
These, and a thousand griefs, minute as these,
Corrode our comforts, and destroy our peace.

MORE.

SECTION XXIX.

Simplicity.

Hail, artless Simplicity, beautiful maid,
 In the genuine attractions of nature array'd :
 Let the rich and the proud, and the gay and the
 vain,
 Still laugh at the graces that move in thy train.

No charm in thy modest allurements they find ;
 The pleasures they follow a sting leave behind.
 Can criminal passion enrapture the breast,
 Like virtue, with peace and serenity blest ?

O would you Simplicity's precepts attend,
 Like us, with delight at her altar you'd bend :
 The pleasures she yields would with joy be em-
 brac'd ;
 You'd practice from virtue, and love them from
 taste.

The linnet enchants us the bushes among :
 Tho' cheap the musician, yet sweet is the song ;
 We catch the soft warbling in air as it floats,
 And with ecstasy hang on the ravishing notes.

Our water is drawn from the clearest of springs,
 And our food, nor disease nor satiety brings :
 Our mornings are cheerful, our labours are blest,
 Our ev'nings are pleasant, our nights crowned
 with rest.

From our culture yon garden its ornament finds ;
 And we catch at the hint of improving our minds.
 To live to some purpose we constantly try ;
 And we mark by our actions the days as they fly :

Since such are the joys that Simplicity yields,
 We may well be content with our woods and our
 fields.

ow useless to us then, ye great, were your wealth.
 /hen without it we purchase both pleasure and
 health !

MORE.

SECTION XXX.

Care and Generosity.

OLD Care, with industry and art,
 At length so well had play'd his part,
 He heap'd up such an ample store,
 That av'rice could not sigh for more.
 Ten thousand flocks his shepherd told,
 His coffers overflow'd with gold ;
 The land all round him was his own,
 With corn his crowded grain'ries grown.
 In short, so vast his charge and gain,
 That to possess them was a pain,
 With happiness oppress'd he lies,
 And much too prudent to be wise.
 Near him there liv'd a beautiful maid,
 With all the charms of youth array'd ;
 Good, amiable, sincere, and free :
 Her name was Generosity.
 'Twas her's the largess to bestow
 On rich and poor, on friend and foe.
 Her doors to all were open'd wide ;
 The pilgrim there might safe abide.
 For th' hungry and the thirsty crew,
 The bread she broke, the drink she drew
 There sickness laid her aching head,
 And there distress could find a bed.
 Each hour, with an all-bounteous hand,
 Diffus'd the blessings round the land.
 Her gifts and glory lasted long,
 And num'rous was th' accepting throng.
 At length pale penury seiz'd the dame,
 And fortune fled, and ruin came ;

And a most beautiful maid,
 In the proportions of nature array'd :
 And the proud, and the gay and the
 ...
 ... the graces that move in thy train.

... the least allurements they find ;
 The pleasures that follow a sting leave behind.
 Can such that passion enapture the breast,
 Like virtue, with peace and serenity blest ?

O would you Simplicity's precepts attend,
 Like us, with delight at her altar you'd bend :
 The pleasures she yields would with joy be en-
 ...
 ... practice from virtue, and love them fro
 ... taste.

... the bushes among :
 ... the music can : yet sweet is the song ;
 ... the soft warbling in air as it floats,
 ... on the ravishing notes.

Our water is drawn from the clearest of springs,
 And our food, nor disease nor satiety brings :
 Our mornings are cheerful, our labours are blest
 Our evenings are pleasant, our nights crown'd
 with rest.

From our culture we
 And we catch
 To live
 And

inds.
 mind
 they fly
 ids,
 and on

low useless to us then, ye great, were your wealth.
 When without it we purchase both pleasure and
 health !

MORE.

SECTION XXX.

Care and Generosity.

OLD Care, with industry and art,
 At length so well had play'd his part,
 He heap'd up such an ample store,
 That av'rice could not sigh for more.
 Ten thousand flocks his shepherd told,
 His coffers overflow'd with gold ;
 The land all round him was his own,
 With corn his crowded grain'ries grown.
 In short, so vast his charge and gain,
 That to possess them was a pain,
 With happiness oppress'd he lies,
 And much too prudent to be wise.
 Near him there liv'd a beautiful maid,
 With all the charms of youth array'd ;
 Good, amiable, sincere, and free :
 Her name was Generosity.

'Twas her's the largess to bestow
 On rich and poor, on friend and foe.
 Her doors to all were open'd wide ;
 The pilgrim there might safe abide.
 For th' hungry and the thirsty crew,
 The bread she broke, the drink she drew
 There sickness laid her aching head,
 Where distress could find a bed.
 For, with an all-bounteous hand,
 She blessings round the land.
 And glory lasted long,
 As was th' accepting throng.
 But avarice seiz'd the dame,
 And ruin came ;

She found her riches at an end,
 And that she had not made one friend.
 All blam'd her for not giving more,
 Nor thought on what she'd done before.
 She wept, she rav'd, she tore her hair :
 When lo ! to comfort her, came Care ;
 And cried, " My dear, if you will join
 Your hand in nuptial bonds with mine,
 All will be well—you shall have store,
 And I be plagu'd with wealth no more.
 Tho' I restrain your bounteous heart,
 You still shall act the gen'rous part.—
 The bridal came, great was the feast,
 And good the pudding and the priest,
 The bride in nine moons brought him fou
 A little maid of matchless worth :
 Her face was mix'd with care and glee ;
 And she was nam'd Economy.
 They styl'd her fair Discretion's queen,
 The mistress of the golden mean.
 Now Generosity confin'd,
 Perfectly easy in her mind,
 Still loves to give, yet knows to spare,
 Nor wishes to be free from Care.

SMAI

SECTION XXXI.

The Slave.

WIDE over the tremulous sea,
 The moon spread her mantle of light ;
 And the gale, gently dying away,
 Breath'd soft on the bosom of night.
 On the forecastle Maratan stood,
 And pour'd forth his sorrowful tale ;
 His tears fell unseen in the flood ;
 His sighs pass'd unheard in the gale.



205

“ Ah, wretch !” in wild anguish, he cried,
“ From country and liberty torn !
Ah, Maratan, would thou hadst died,
Ere o’er the salt waves thou wert borne !

Thro’ the groves of Angola I stray’d,
Love and hope made my bosom their home ;
There I talk’d with my favourite maid,
Nor dreamt of sorrow to come.

From the thicket the man-hunter sprung,
My cries echoed loud thro’ the air :
There was fury and wrath on his tongue ;
He was deaf to the voice of despair.—

Flow ye tears, down my cheeks ever flow :
Still let sleep from my eyelids depart ;
And still may the sorrows of wo
Drink deep of the stream of my heart.

But hark ! o’er the silence of night
My Adila’s accents I hear ;
And mournful, beneath the wan light,
I see her lov’d image appear.

Slow o’er the smooth ocean she glides,
As the mist that hangs light on the wave ;
And fondly her partner she chides,
Who lingers so long from his grave.

‘ Oh, Maratan ! haste thee,’ she cries,
‘ Here the reign of oppression is o’er ;
The tyrant is robb’d of his prize,
And Adila sorrows no more.’

Now sinking amidst the dim ray,
Her form seems to fade on my view :
O ! stay thee, my Adila stay !—
She beckons,—and I must pursue.

To morrow the white man, in vain,

She found her riches at an end,
 And that she had not made one friend.
 All blam'd her for not giving more,
 Nor thought on what she'd done before.
 She wept, she rav'd, she tore her hair :
 When lo ! to comfort her, came Care ;
 And cried, " My dear, if you will join
 Your hand in nuptial bonds with mine,
 All will be well—you shall have store,
 And I be plagu'd with wealth no more.
 Tho' I restrain your bounteous heart,
 You still shall act the gen'rous part.—
 The bridal came, great was the feast,
 And good the pudding and the priest,
 The bride in nine moons brought him four
 A little maid of matchless worth :
 Her face was mix'd with care and glee ;
 And she was nam'd Economy.
 They styl'd her fair Discretion's queen,
 The mistress of the golden mean.
 Now Generosity confin'd,
 Perfectly easy in her mind,
 Still loves to give, yet knows to spare,
 Nor wishes to be free from Care.

SMAN

SECTION XXXI.

The Slave.

WIDE over the tremulous sea,
 The moon spread her mantle of light ;
 And the gale, gently dying away,
 Breath'd soft on the bosom of night.
 On the forecastle Maratan stood,
 And pour'd forth his sorrowful tale ;
 His tears fell unseen in the flood ;
 His sighs pass'd unheard in the gale.

“ Ah, wretch !” in wild anguish, he cried,
 “ From country and liberty torn !
 Ah, Maratan, would thou hadst died,
 Ere o’er the salt waves thou wert borne !

Thro’ the groves of Angola I stray’d,
 Love and hope made my bosom their home ;
 There I talk’d with my favourite maid,
 Nor dreamt of sorrow to come.

From the thicket the man-hunter sprung,
 My cries echoed loud thro’ the air :
 There was fury and wrath on his tongue ;
 He was deaf to the voice of despair.—

Flow ye tears, down my cheeks ever flow :
 Still let sleep from my eyelids depart ;
 And still may the sorrows of wo
 Drink deep of the stream of my heart.

But hark ! o’er the silence of night
 My Adila’s accents I hear ;
 And mournful, beneath the wan light,
 I see her lov’d image appear.

Slow o’er the smooth ocean she glides,
 As the mist that hangs light on the wave ;
 And fondly her partner she chides,
 Who lingers so long from his grave.

‘ Oh, Maratan ! haste thee,’ she cries,
 ‘ Here the reign of oppression is o’er ;
 The tyrant is robb’d of his prize,
 And Adila sorrows no more.’

Now sinking amidst the dim ray,
 Her form seems to fade on my view :
 O ! stay thee, my Adila stay !—
 She beckons,—and I must pursue.

To morrow the white man, in vain,

Shall proudly account me his slave ·
 My shacles I plunge in the main,
 And rush to the realms of the brave !”*

SECTION XXXII.

The Swallows.

ERE yellow autumn from our plains retir'd,
 And gave to wint'ry storms the varied year,
 The swallow race, with foresight clear inspir'd,
 To southern climes prepar'd their course to ste

On Damon's roof a grave assembly sat ;
 His roof, a refuge to the feather'd kind :
 With serious look he mark'd the nice debate,
 And to his Delia thus address'd his mind ;

“ Observe yon twitt'ring flock, my gentle ma
 Observe and read the wond'rous ways of Heav
 With us, thro' summer's genial reign they stay
 And food and lodging to their wants were gi

But now, thro' sacred, prescience well they kn
 The near approach of elemental strife ;
 The blust'ring tempest, and the chilly snow,
 With ev'ry want and scourge of tender life.

Thus taught, they meditate a speedy flight ;
 For this, e'en now they prune their vig'rous wi
 For this, consult, advise, prepare, excite ;
 And prove their strength in many an airy ric

They feel a pow'r, an impulse all divine !
 That warns them hence ; they feel it and ob

* It may not be improper to remind the young re:
 that the anguish of the unhappy negroes, on being se:
 ted forever from their country and dearest connexions,
 the dreadful prospect of perpetual slavery, frequently
 comes so exquisite, as to produce derangement of m
 and suicide



BENJAMIN F. LEWIS

RESPECTFULLY informs the public that he keeps constantly on hand, at his Book Store in Newburgh, a general assortment of School Books, among which are

Murray's Grammar Exercises and Key,
English Reader,
Juvenile Expositor and Spelling Books,
Webster's Spelling Books,
Dilworth's Assistant, Daboll's Ditto. Federal Calculator, Pike's Arithmetic,
Columbian Orator, American Preceptor, Scott's Lessons, Monitor, Testaments,
Walker's, Perry's and Johnson's Dictionaries,
Morse's Large and Small Geography, Ditto.
Gazateer, Ditto. Atlas,
Dwight's and Parish's Geography.


CLASSICAL BOOKS.

Ainsworth's Latin Dictionary, Adam's and Rigg's Ditto. Grammar, Cicero, Virgil, Horace, Cæsar, Mair's Introduction, Cicero de Oratore, Greek Lexicons, Grammars, and Testaments,
Homer and Xenophon,
Hutton's Mathematic's, Gibson and Flint's Surveying, Euclid's Elements, Conic Sections, Algebra, Jackson's Book Keeping, Stewart and Paley's Philosophy.

A general assortment of Bibles, of all prices from 1 to 30 dollars each, Psalm Books, Catechism's and Children's Books.

STATIONARY.

Blank Books of every description, Writing Paper, Quill's Wafer's, and Ink Powder.
All which are offered wholesale or retail at the New York prices.



NOW IN THE PRESS,
AND EXPECTED SHORTLY TO BE PUBLISHED
A NEW WORK, ENTITLED THE
JUVENILE ASSISTANT;

BEING A

PLAIN AND EASY

Introduction to Arithmetic :

Containing all the Rules from Numeration to Compound Interest, inclusive; interspersed with a variety of

PRACTICAL QUESTIONS,

Calculated to give the pupil an idea of the use and application of what he has been learning.

BY LUTHER PRATT.

The design of this little work, is to render the first principles of Arithmetic simple, plain, and easy to the comprehension of young beginners; and to furnish a cheap book for schools.

The compiler having been several years in the practice teaching, has experienced the want of a book of the kind that might be put into the hands of every pupil. Parents in general are unwilling to purchase a book for a child that will cost one or two dollars, when the probability is, he will wear it out before he has learned the fundamental rules; and, of course, it is often the case, that there are not more than one or two books for the use of a whole school, which renders the task of the teacher extremely irksome, and much retards the progress of the pupil.

The compiler believes this little book, which costs but twenty-five cents, will, in a measure, remedy the evils mentioned, and respectfully solicits parents and teachers to give it a trial.

Montgomery, Orange County, N. Y.

November 23, 1813.



Andersradar
His Book and Pen
2000

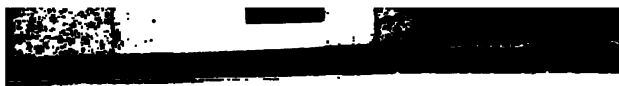
1000

1000

1000

1000

1000





100 100 100

—

